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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

SLAVERY AND FREEDOM MUTUALLY INCOMPATIBLE.

THE ISSUE DEFINED AND ACCEPTED.

[The Secession Congress at Montgomery, in order to conciliate the border slave States, and, if possible, secure their alliance in the Slave Confederacy, inserted a provision in the new Constitution prohibiting the foreign slave trade. This provision has created much dissatisfaction in the cotton States, where it is clearly perceived and boldly avowed, that the argument for slavery necessarily involves the rightfulness of importing slaves from Africa, and that the prohibition of the latter is a virtual impeachment of the former. This view of the case is presented with great clearness and force by the Hon. L. W. Spratt, in a letter to the Charleston *Mercury*, from which we present the following extracts.]

THE South is now in the formation of a *slave* Republic. This, perhaps, is not admitted generally. There are many contented to believe that the South, as a geographical section, is in mere assertion of its independence; that it is instinct with no especial truth—pregnant of no distinct social nature; that, for some unaccountable reason, the two sections have become opposed to each other; that, for reasons equally insufficient, there is disagreement between the peoples that direct them; and that, from no overruling necessity, no impossibility of coexistence, but as mere matter of policy, it has been considered best for the South to strike out for herself and establish an independence of her own. This, I fear, is an inadequate conception of the controversy.

The contest is not between the North and South as geographical sections, for, between such sections merely, there can be no contest; nor between the people of the North and the people of the South, for our relations have been pleasant, and on neutral grounds there is still nothing to estrange us. We eat together, trade together, and practice, yet, in intercourse, with great respect, the courtesies of common life. But the real contest is between *the two forms of society* which have become established, the one at the North and the other at the South. Society is essentially different from government—as different as is the nut from the bur, or the nervous body of the shell-fish from the bony structure which surrounds it; and within this government two societies had become developed, as variant in structure and distinct in form as any two beings in animated nature. The one is a society composed of one race, the other of two races. The one is bound together but by the two great social relations of husband and wife and parent and child; the other by the three relations of husband and wife, and parent and child, and master and slave. The one embodies in its political structure the principle that equality is the right of man; the other that it is the right of equals only. The one embodying the principle that equality is the right of man expands upon the horizontal plane of pure democracy; the other, embodying the principle that it is not the right of man, but of equals only, has taken to itself the rounded form of a social aristocracy. In the one there is hireling labor, in the other slave labor; in the one, therefore, in theory at least, labor is voluntary; in the other involuntary; in the labor of the one there is the elective franchise, in the other there is not; and, as labor is always in excess of direction, in the one the power of government is only with the lower classes; in the other with the upper. In the one, therefore, the reins of government come from the heels, in the other from the head of the society; in the one it is guided by the worst, in the other by the best, intelligence; in the one it is from those who have the least, in the other from those who have the greatest, stake in the continuance of existing order. In the one the pauper laborer has the power to rise and appropriate by law the goods protected by the State—when pressure comes, as come it must, there will be the motive to exert it—and thus the ship of State turns bottom upwards. In the other there is no pauper labor with power of rising; the ship of State has the ballast of a disfranchised class: there is no possibility of political upheaval, therefore, and it is reasonably certain that, so steadied, it will sail erect and onward to an indefinitely distant period.

Such are some of the more obvious differences in form and constitution between these two societies which had come into contact within the limits of the recent Union. And perhaps it is not the least remarkable, in this connection, that while the one, a shapeless, organless, mere mass of social elements in no definite relation to each other, is loved and eulogized, and stands the ideal of the age, the other comely, and proportioned with labor and direction, mind and matter in just relation to each other, presenting analogy to the very highest developments in animated nature, is condemned and reprobated. Even we, ourselves, have hardly ventured to affirm it—while the cock crows, in fact, are ready to deny it; and, if it shall not perish on the cross of human judgment, it must be for the reason that the Great Eternal has not purposed that still another agent of his will shall come to such excess of human ignominy.

Such are the two forms of society which had come to contest within the structure of the recent Union. And the contest for existence was inevitable. Neither could concur in the requisitions of the other; neither could expand within the forms of a single government without encroachment on the other. Like twin lobsters in a single shell, if such a thing were possible, the natural expansion of the one must be inconsistent with the existence of the other; or, like an eagle and a fish, joined by an indissoluble bond, which, for no reason of its propriety, could act together, where the eagle could not share the fluid suited to the fish and live, where the fish could not share the fluid suited to the bird and live, and where one must perish that the other may survive, unless the unnatural Union shall be severed—so these societies could not, if they would, concur. The principle that races are unequal, and that among unequals inequality is right, would have been destructive to the form of pure democracy at the North. The principle that all men are equal and equally right, would have been destructive of slavery at the South. Each required the element suited to its social nature. Each must strive to make the government expressive of its social nature. The natural expansion of the one must become encroachment on the other, and so the contest was inevitable. Seward and Lincoln, in theory at least, whatever be their aim, are right. I realized the fact and so declared the conflict irrepressible years before either ventured to advance that proposition. Upon that declaration I have always acted, and the recent experience of my country has not induced me to question the correctness of that first conception.

Nor is indignation at such leaders becoming the statesmen of the South. The tendency of social action was against us. The speaker, to be heard, must speak against slavery; the preacher, to retain his charge, must preach against slavery; the author, to be read, must write against slavery; the candidate, to attain office, must pledge himself against slavery; the office-holder, to continue, must redeem the pledges of the candidate. They did not originate the policy, but they pandered to it; they did not start the current, but they floated on it; and were as powerless as driftwood to control its course. The great tendency to social conflict preëxisted; it was in the heart of the North—it was in the very structure of Northern society. It was not a matter of choice, but of necessity, that such society should disaffirm a society in contradiction of it. It was not a matter of choice, but of necessity, that it should approve of acts against it. In possession of power, it flowed to political action on the South, as fluids flow to lower levels. The acts of individuals were unimportant. If I had possessed the power to change the mind of every Republican in Congress, I would not have been at pains to do so. They would but have fallen before an indignant constituency, and men would have been sent to their places whose minds could never change. Nor, in fact, have they been without their use. As the conflict was irrepressible, as they were urged on by an inexorable power, it was important we should know it. Our own political leaders refused to realize the fact. The zealots of the North alone could force the recognition; and I am bound to own that Giddings, and Greeley, and Seward, and Lincoln, parasites as they are, panderers to popular taste as they are, the instruments, and the mere instruments, of aggression, have done more to rouse us to the vindication of our rights than the bravest and the best among us.

Such, then, was the nature of this contest. It was inevitable. It was inaugurated with the government. It began at the beginning, and almost at the start the chances of the game were turned against us. *If the foreign slave trade had never been suppressed, slave society must have triumphed.* It extended to the limits of New England.

Pari passu with emigrants from Europe came slaves from Africa. Step by step the two in union marched upon the West, and it is reasonably certain, had the means to further union been admitted, that so they would have continued to march upon the West, that slave labor would have been cheaper than hireling labor, that, transcending agriculture, it would have expanded to the arts; and that thus one homogeneous form of labor and one homogeneous form of society, unquestioned by one single dreamer, and cherished at home and honored abroad, would have overspread the entire available surface of the late United States. But, the slave trade suppressed, democratic society has triumphed. The States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, found an attractive market for their slaves. They found a cheaper pauper labor to replace it; that pauper labor poured in from Europe; while it replaced the slave, it increased the political power of the Northern States. More than five millions from abroad have been added to their number; that addition has enabled them to grasp and hold the government. That government, from the very necessities of their nature, they are forced to use against us. Slavery was within its grasp, and, forced to the option of extinction in the Union or of independence out, *it dares to strike, and it asserts its claim to nationality* and its right to recognition among the leading social systems of the world.

Such, then, being the nature of the contest, this Union has been disrupted in the effort of slave society to emancipate itself; and the momentous question now to be determined is, shall that effort be successful? That the Republic of the South shall sustain her independence, there is little question. The form of our society is too pregnant of intellectual resources and military strength to be subdued, if, in its products, it did not hold the bonds of amity and peace upon all the leading nations of the world. *But in the independence of the South is there surely the emancipation of domestic slavery?* That is greatly to be doubted. Our property in slaves will be established. If it has stood in a government more than half of which has been pledged to its destruction, it will surely stand in a government every member of which will be pledged to its defence. But will it be established as a normal institution of society, and stand the sole exclusive social system of the South? That is the impending question, and the fact is yet to be recorded. That it will so stand somewhere at the South I do not entertain the slightest question. It may be overlooked or disregarded now. *It has been the vital agent of this great controversy.* It has energized the arm of every man who acts a part in this great drama. We may shrink from recognition of the fact; we may decline to admit the source of our authority; refuse to slavery an invitation to the table which she herself has so bountifully spread; but not for that will it remain powerless or unhonored. It may be abandoned by Virginia, Maryland, Missouri; South Carolina herself may refuse to espouse it. The hireling laborer from the North and Europe may drive it from our seaboard. As the South shall become the centre of her own trade, the metropolis of her own commerce, the pauper population of the world will pour upon us. It may replace our slaves upon the seaboard, as it has replaced them in the Northern States; but concentrated in the States upon the Gulf it will make its stand, condensed to the point at which the labor of the slave transcends the want of agriculture, it will flow to other objects; it will lay its giant grasp upon still other departments of industry; its every step will be exclusive; it will be unquestioned lord of each domain on which it enters. With that perfect economy of resources, that just application of power, that concentration of forces, that security of order which results to slavery from the permanent direction of its best intelligence, there is no other form of human labor that can stand against it, and it will build itself a home and erect for itself, at some point within the present limits of the Southern States, a structure of imperial power and grandeur—a glorious Confederacy of States that will stand aloft and serene for ages amid the anarchy of democracies that will reel around it.

But it may be that to this end another revolution may be necessary. It is to be apprehended that this contest between democracy and slavery is not yet over. It is certain that both forms of society exist within the limits of the Southern States; both are distinctly developed within the limits of Virginia; and there, whether we perceive the fact or not, the war already rages. In that State there are about 500,000 slaves to about 1,000,000 whites; *and as at least as many slaves as masters are necessary to the constitution of slave society*, about 500,000 of the white population are in legitimate relation to the slaves, and the rest are in excess. Like an excess of alkali or acid in chemical experiments, they are unfixed in the social compound. Without legitimate connection with the slave, they are in competition with him. They constitute not a part of slave society, but a democratic society. In so far as there is this connection, the State is slave; in so far as there is not, it is democratic; and as States speak only from their social condition, as interests, not intellect, determine their political action, it is thus that Virginia has been undecided—that she does not truly know whether she is of the North or South in this great movement. Her people are individually noble, brave, and patriotic, and they will strike for the South in resistance to physical aggression; but her political action is, at present, paralyzed by this unnatural contest, and as causes of disintegration may continue—must continue, if the slave trade be not reopened—as there will still be a market at the South for her slaves—as there will still be pauper labor from abroad to supply their places, and more abundant from industrial dissolutions at the North, and the one race must increase as the other is diminished—it is to be feared that there the slave must ultimately fail, and that this great State must lose the institution, and bend her proud spirit to the yoke of another democratic triumph. In Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, and even Tennessee and North Carolina, the same facts exist, with chances of the like result.

And even in this State [South Carolina] the ultimate result is not determined. The slave condition here would seem to be established. There is here an excess of one hundred and twenty thousand slaves, and here is fairly exhibited the normal nature of the institution. The officers of the State are slaveowners, and the representatives of slaveowners. In their public acts they exhibit the consciousness of a superior position. Without unusual individual ability, they exhibit the elevation of tone and composure of public sentiment proper to a master class. There is no appeal to the mass, for there is no mass to appeal to; there are no demagogues, for there is no populace to breed them; judges are not forced upon the stump; governors are not dragged before the people; and when there is cause to act upon the fortunes of our social institution, there is perhaps an unusual readiness to meet it. The large majority of our people are in legitimate connection with the institution—in legitimate dependence on the slave; and it were to be supposed that here at least the system of slave society would be permanent and pure. But even here the process of disintegration has commenced. In our larger towns it just begins to be apparent. Within ten years past as many as ten thousand slaves have been drawn away from Charleston by the attractive prices of the West, and laborers from abroad have come to take their places. These laborers have every disposition to work above the slave, and if there were opportunity would be glad to do so; but without such opportunity they come to competition with him; they are necessarily resistive to the contact. Already there is the disposition to exclude him; from the trades, from public works, from drays, and the tables of hotels, he is even now excluded to a great extent. And when enterprises at the North are broken up; when more laborers are thrown from employment; when they shall come in greater numbers to the South they will still more increase the tendency to exclusion; they will question the right of masters to employ their slaves in any works that they may wish for; they will invoke the aid of legislation; they will use the elective franchise to that end; they may acquire the power to determine muncipal elections; they will inexorably use it; and thus this town of Charleston, at the very heart of slavery, may become a fortress of democratic power against it. As it is in Charleston, so also is it to a less extent in the interior towns.

Nor is it only in the towns the tendency appears. The slaves, from lighter lands within the State, have been drawn away for years for higher prices in the West. They are now being drawn away from rice culture. Thousands are sold from rice fields every year. None are brought to them. They have already been drawn from the culture of indigo and all manufacturing employments. They are yet retained by cotton and the culture incident to cotton; but as almost every negro offered in our markets is bid for by the West, the drain is likely to continue. It is probable that more abundant pauper labor may pour in, and it is to be feared that even in this State, the purest in its slave condition, democracy may gain a foothold, and that here also the contest for existence may be waged between them.

It thus appears that the contest is not ended with a dissolution of the Union, and that the agents of that contest still exist within the limits of the Southern States. The causes that have contributed to the defeat of slavery still occur; our slaves are still drawn off by higher prices to the West. There is still foreign pauper labor ready to supply their place. Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, possibly Tennessee and North Carolina, may lose their slaves, as New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey have done. In that condition they must recommence the contest. There is no avoiding that necessity. The systems cannot mix; and thus it is that slavery, like the Thracian horse returning from the field of victory, still bears a master on his back; *and, having achieved one revolution to escape democracy at the North, it must still achieve another to escape it at the South.* That it will ultimately triumph none can doubt. It *will* become redeemed and vindicated, and the only question now to be determined is, shall there be another revolution to that end? It is not necessary. Slavery within the seceding States at least is now emancipated if men put forward as its agents have intrepidity to realize the fact and act upon it. It is free to choose its Constitution and its policy, and you and others are now elected to the high office of that determination. If you shall elect slavery, avow it and affirm it; not as an existing fact, but as a living principle of social order, and assert its right, not to toleration only, but to extension and to political recognition among the nations of the earth. If, in short, you shall own slavery as the source of your authority, and act for it, and erect, as you are commissioned to erect, not only a Southern, but a slave Republic, the work will be accomplished. Those States intending to espouse and perpetuate the institution will enter your Confederacy; those that do not, will not. Your Republic will not require the pruning process of another revolution; but, poised upon its institutions, will move on to a career of greatness and of glory unapproached by any other nation in the world.

But if you shall not; if you shall commence by ignoring slavery, or shall be content to edge it on by indirection; if you shall exhibit care but for a Republic, respect but for a democracy; if you shall stipulate for the toleration of slavery as an existing evil by admitting assumptions to its prejudice and restrictions to its power and progress, reinaugurate the blunder of 1789; you will combine States, whether true or not, to slavery; you will have no tests of faith; some will find it to their interest to abandon it; slave labor will be fettered; hireling labor will be free; *your Confederacy is again divided into antagonistic societies; the irrepressible conflict is again commenced;* and as slavery can sustain the structure of a stable government, and will sustain such structure, *and as it will sustain no structure but its own, another revolution comes—but whether in the order and propriety of this, is gravely to be doubted.*

Is it, then, in the just performance of your office, that you would impose a constitutional restriction against the foreign slave trade? Will you affirm slavery by reprobating the means of its formation? Will you extend slavery by introducing the means to its extinction? Will you declare to Virginia if she shall join, that under no circumstances shall she be at liberty to restore the integrity of her slave condition? that her five hundred thousand masters without slaves shall continue? that the few slaves she has shall still be subject to the requisitions of the South and West? that she shall still be subject to the incursions of white laborers, without the slaves to neutralize their social tendencies? and thus, therefore, that she must certainly submit to be abolitionized, and when so abolitionized, that she must surely be thrown off, to take her fortunes with the abolition States? Will you say the same to Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, North Carolina, and Tennessee? Will you declare to the State of South Carolina that, if the canker of democracy eats into her towns and cities; if her lighter lands are exposed, her forms of culture are abandoned, she must still submit to it? To Texas, that to her imperial domain no other slaves shall come than those she may extort from older States; and that she must submit to be the waste she is, or else accept the kind of labor that must demoralize the social nature of the State? Will you do this, and yet say that you erect slavery and affirm it, and, in your ministrations at its altar, own it as the true and only source of your authority?

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We may abnegate ourselves if we will, defer to others if we will, but every such act is a confession of a weakness, the less excusable that it does not exist, and we but industriously provoke the contempt of States we are desirous to propitiate. Is it that we debase our great movement by letting it down to the end of getting slaves? We do not propose to reopen the slave trade; we merely propose to take no action on the subject. I truly think we want more slaves. We want them to the proper cultivation of our soil, to the just development of our resources, and to the proper constitution of society. Even in this State I think we want them; of eighteen million acres of land, less than four million are in cultivation. We have no seamen for our commerce, if we had it, and no operatives for the arts; but it is not for that I now oppose restrictions on the slave trade. I oppose them from the wish to emancipate our institution. *I regard the slave trade as the test of its integrity. If that be right, then slavery is right, but not without;* and I have been too clear in my perceptions of the claims of that great institution—too assured of the failure of antagonistic democracy, too convinced the one presents the conditions of social order, too convinced the other does not, and too convinced, therefore, that the one must stand while the other falls, to abate my efforts or pretermit the means by which it may be brought to recognition and establishment.

Believing, then, that this is a test of slavery, and that the institution cannot be right if the trade be not, *I regard the constitutional prohibition as a great calamity.* If the trade be only wrong in policy, it would be enough to leave its exclusion to the several States that would feel the evils of that policy; but it is only upon the supposition that it is wrong in principle, wrong radically, and therefore never to be rendered proper by any change of circumstances which may make it to our interest, that it is becoming in the general government to take organic action to arrest. The action of the Confederacy is, then, a declaration of that fact, and it were vain to sustain the institution in the face of such admissions to its prejudice.

It will be said that at the outset of our career it were wise to exhibit deference to the moral sentiment of the world; the obligation is as perfect to respect the moral sentiment of the world against the institution. The world is just as instant to assert that slavery itself is wrong; and if we forego the slave trade in consideration of the moral feeling of the world, then why not slavery also? It were madness now to blink the question. *We are entering at last upon a daring innovation upon the social constitutions of the world.* We are erecting a nationality upon a union of races, where other nations have but one. *We cannot dodge the issue; we cannot disguise the issue; we cannot safely change our front in the face of a vigilant adversary.* Every attempt to do so, every refusal to assist ourselves, every intellectual or political evasion, is a point against us. We may postpone the crisis by disguises, but the slave republic must forego its nature and its destiny, or it must meet the issue, and our assertion of ourselves will not be easier for admissions made against us. And is it not, in fact, from a sense of weakness that there is such admission? Is there a man who votes for this measure but from misgivings as to slavery, and as to the propriety of its extension? Therefore, is there not the feeling that the finger of scorn will be pointed at him without; and is he who doubts the institution, or he who has no higher standard of the right than what the world may say about it, the proper man to build the structure of a slave republic? The members of that Convention are elected to important posts in the grand drama of human history. Such opportunity but seldom comes of moulding the destiny of men and nations. If they shall rise to the occasion, if they shall realize their work and do it, they will leave a record that will never be effaced; but if they shall not—if they shall shrink from truth, for reason that it is unhonored; if they shall cling to error, for reason that it is approved, and so let down their character, and act some other part than that before them, they will leave a record which their successors will be anxious to efface—names which posterity will be delighted to honor.

Opinions, when merely true, move slowly; but when approved, acquire proclivity. Those as to the right of slavery have been true merely, so far, but they came rapidly to culmination. I was the single advocate of the slave trade in 1853; *it is now the question of the time.* Many of us remember when we heard slavery first declared to be of the normal constitution of society: few now will dare to disaffirm it. Those opinions now roll on; they are now not only true but are coming to be trusted; they have moved the structure of the State, and men who will not take the impulse and advance, must perish in the track of their advancement. The members of your Convention may misdirect the movement—they may impede the movement—*they may so divert it that another revolution may be necessary;* but if necessarily that other revolution comes, slavery will stand serene, erect, aloft, unquestioned as to its rights or its integrity at some points within the present limits of the Southern States, and it is only for present actors to determine whether they will contribute or be crushed to that result.

If the [prohibitory] *clause be carried into the permanent government, our whole movement is defeated.*

SLAVERY THE CHIEF CORNER-STONE.

[Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Cotton Confederacy, delivered an address at Savannah, Ga., on the 21st ult., in which he explained the differences between the Constitution of that Confederacy and that of the United States. The most important difference is the one alluded to in the following extract.]

BUT not to be tedious in enumerating the numerous changes for the better, allow me to allude to one other, though last, not least: the new Constitution has put at rest forever all the agitating questions relating to our peculiar institutions—African slavery as it exists among us—the proper status of the negro in our form of civilization. This was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution. Jefferson, in his forecast, had anticipated this as the "rock upon which the old Union would split." He was right. What was conjecture with him is now a realized fact. But whether he fully comprehended the great truth upon which that rock stood and stands, may be doubted. The prevailing ideas entertained by him and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old Constitution, were that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. It was an evil they knew not well how to deal with, but the general opinion of the men of that day was, that somehow or other, in the order of Providence, the institution would be evanescent and pass away. This idea, though not incorporated in the Constitution, was the prevailing idea at the time. The Constitution, it is true, secured every essential guaranty to the institution while it should last, and hence no argument can be justly used against the constitutional guaranties thus secured, because of the common sentiment of the day. Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. They rested upon the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error. It was a sandy foundation, and the idea of a government built upon it; when the "storm came and the wind blew, it *fell.*"

Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its foundations are laid, its cornerstone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man. That slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition (applause).

This, our new government, is the first, in the history of the world, based upon this great physical and moral truth. This truth has been slow in the process of its development, like all other truths in the various departments of science. It has been so even amongst us. Many who hear me, perhaps, can recollect well, that this truth was not generally admitted, even within their day. The errors of the past generation still clung to many as late as twenty years ago. Those at the North who still cling to these errors, with a zeal above knowledge, we justly denominate fanatics. All fanaticism springs from an aberration of the mind; from a defect in reasoning. It is a species of insanity. One of the most striking characteristics of insanity, in many instances, is, forming correct conclusions, from fancied or erroneous premises; so with the anti-slavery fanatics; their conclusions are right if their premises are. They assume that the negro is equal, and hence conclude that he is entitled to equal privileges and rights with the white man. If their premises were correct, their conclusion would be logical and just—but their premise being wrong, their whole argument fails. I recollect once of having heard a gentleman from one of the Northern States, of great power and ability, announce in the House of Representatives, with imposing effect, that we of the South would be compelled, ultimately, to yield upon this subject of slavery, that it was as impossible to war successfully against a principle in politics, as it was in physics or mechanics. That the principle would ultimately prevail. That we, in maintaining slavery as it exists with us, were warring against a principle, a principle founded in nature, the principle of the equality of man. The reply I made to him was, that upon his grounds, we should succeed, and that he and his associates, in their crusade against our institutions, would ultimately fail. The truth announced, that it was as impossible to war successfully against a principle in politics as well as in physics and mechanics, I admitted, but told him that it was he and those acting with him who were warring against a principle. They were attempting to make things equal which the Creator had made unequal.

In the conflict thus far, success has been, on our side, complete throughout the length and breadth of the Confederate States. It is upon this, as I have stated, our social fabric is firmly planted; and I cannot permit myself to doubt the ultimate success of a full recognition of this principle throughout the civilized and enlightened world.

As I have stated, the truth of this principle may be slow in development, as all truths are, and ever have been, in the various branches of science. It was so with the principles announced by Galileo—it was so with Adam Smith and his principles of political economy—it was so with Harvey and his theory of the circulation of the blood. It is stated that not a single one of the medical profession, living at the time of the announcement of the truths made by him, admitted them. Now, they are universally acknowledged. May we not, therefore, look with confidence to the ultimate universal acknowledgment of the truths upon which our system rests? It is the first government ever instituted upon principles of strict conformity to nature, and the ordination of Providence, in furnishing the materials of human society. Many governments have been founded upon the principle of certain classes; but the classes thus enslaved were of the same race, and in violation of the laws of nature. Our system commits no such violation of nature's laws. The negro, by nature, or by the curse against Canaan, is fitted for that condition which he occupies in our system. The architect, in the construction of buildings, lays the foundation with the proper materials, the granite; then comes the brick or the marble. The substratum of our society is made of the material fitted by nature for it, and, by experience, we know that it is best, not only for the superior, but for the inferior race, that it should be so. It is, indeed, in conformity with the ordinance of the Creator. It is not for us to inquire into the wisdom of his ordinances or to question them. For his own purposes he has made one race to differ from another, as he has made "one star to differ from another star in glory."

The great objects of humanity are best attained when conformed to his laws and decrees, in the formation of governments, as well as in all things else. Our Confederacy is founded upon principles in strict conformity with these laws. This stone, which was rejected by the first builders, "is become the chief stone of the corner" in our new edifice (applause).

SUPERIORITY OF THE SOUTH.

From De Bow's Review (New Orleans).

OUR women are all conservative, moral, religious, and sensitively modest, and abhor the North for its infidelity, gross immorality, licentiousness, anarchy, and agrarianism. 'Tis they and the clergy who lead and direct the disunion movement. It is a gross mistake to suppose that abolition alone is the cause of dissension between North and South. The Cavaliers, Jacobites, and Huguenots, who settled the South, naturally hate, contemn, and despise the Puritans who settled the North. The former are master races—the latter a slave race, the descendants of the Saxon serfs. The former are Mediterranean races, descendants of the Romans; for Cavaliers and Jacobites are of Norman descent, and the Normans were of Roman descent, and so were the Huguenots. The Saxons and Angles, the ancestors of the Yankees, came from the cold and marshy regions of the North, where man is little more than a cold-blooded, amphibious biped.

We are the most aristocratic people in the world. Pride of caste, and color, and privilege, makes every white man an aristocrat in feeling. Aristocracy is the only safeguard of liberty, the only power watchful and strong enough to exclude monarchical despotism. At the North, the progress and tendency of opinion is to pure democracy, less government, anarchy, and agrarianism. Their hatred of the South will accelerate this noxious current of opinion, and anarchy will soon wind up in military despotism. There will be as many little military despots as there are now States, for no usurper will wield means sufficient to conquer or fuse into one several States. It will be a great improvement in Northern affairs, and the sooner it comes about the better. Military despotism is far preferable to Northern democracy, agrarianism, infidelity, and free love.

We were prepared, by the unerring signs of the times, to expect the election of Lincoln, and prepared to dissolve the Union sooner than submit. Our enemies, the stupid, sensual, ignorant masses of the North, who are foolish as they are depraved, could not read the signs of the times, did not dream of disunion, but rushed on as heedlessly as a greedy drove of hungry hogs at the call of their owners. They were promised plunder, and find a famine; promised "bread, and were given a stone." Our enemies are starving and disorganized. The cold, naked, hungry masses, are at war with their leaders. They are mute, paralyzed, panic-stricken, and have no plan of action for the future. Winter has set in, which will aggravate their sufferings, and prevent any raid into or invasion of the South. They who deluded them must take care of them. The public lands will neither feed nor clothe them; they cannot plunder the South, and are cut off by their own wicked folly from the trade of the South, which alone could relieve and sustain them.

* * * * * *

Should New York fail to erect herself into a free port and separate Republic; should she remain under the dominion of the corrupt, venal wire-workers of Albany, and of the immoral, infidel, agrarian, free-love Democracy of Western New York; should she put herself under the rule of Puritans, the vilest, most selfish, and unprincipled of the human race; should she join a Northern Confederacy; should she make New England, Western New York, Northern Ohio, Northern Indiana, or Northern Illinois, her masters; should she make enemies of her Southern friends, and deliver herself up to the tender mercies of her Northern enemies, she will sink to rise no more. Better, a thousand times better, to come under the dominion of free negroes, of gypsies, than of Yankees or low Germans or Canadians. Gypsies and free negroes have many amiable, noble and generous traits; Yankees, sour krout Germans, and Canadians, none. Senator Wade says, and Seward too, that the North will absorb Canada. They are half true; the vile, sensual, animal, brutal, infidel, superstitious Democracy of Canada and the Yankee States will coalesce; and Senator Johnson of Tennessee will join them. But, when Canada and Western New York, and New England, and the whole beastly, puritanic "sour krout," free negro, infidel, superstitious, licentious, democratic population of the North become the masters of New York—what then? Outside of the city, the State of New York is Yankee and puritanical; composed of as base, unprincipled, superstitious, licentious, and agrarian and anarchical population as any on earth. Nay, we do not hesitate to say it is the vilest population on earth. If the city does not secede and erect a separate Republic, this population, aided by the ignorant, base, brutal, sensual, German infidels of the Northwest, the stupid democracy of Canada (for Canada will, in some way, coalesce with the North), and the arrogant and tyrannical people of New England, will become masters of the destinies of New York. They hate her for her sympathies with the South, and will so legislate as to divert all her Western trade to outlets through Chicago, the St. Lawrence, Portland, and Boston. She will then be cut off from her trade North and South. In fine, she must set up for herself, or be ruined.

Selections.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER AT CLEVELAND.

From The Cleveland (O) Weekly Review, March 16.

A MODERATE-SIZED audience attended Chapin's Hall last evening, to listen to Mrs. Foster on the Union, and the reasons why the fugitive Lucy was returned.

She commenced by alluding to the present condition of the Ship of State, which some say has gone to pieces, while others declare disunion a fiction. The idea had been held of the indissolubility of the Union, that it was to exist from 1787 to everlasting, but those who had attentively read history knew that governments founded on iniquity must perish. Some, even of the framers of the Constitution, foresaw the dangers to be apprehended. She quoted the opinion of one from the South, who had said, that if rotten timber was put into the fabric it could not stand, and the memorable expressions of Jefferson, Luther Martin, and others, against a continuance of slavery. The idea of most of the framers of the Constitution was to give a little license temporarily to the institution. This is all that Satan asks, only to sow a little seed, knowing he will reap a harvest.

It is proposed to patch up the Union by new concessions, much as you would relieve a town of the fever and ague, by damming up the streams, and further increasing the miasma. Slavery is the great bone of contention, as all know. The Democrats of one kind say, spread and protect it, and another kind say, let the people spread it as much as they please. The Republicans were for putting it into Pandora's box and shutting down the cover, as though it would not, with all its furies, force up the lid. She would not give her remedy, but show the character and nature of the disease, and let them prescribe for themselves.

Mrs. F., at some length, contrasted the blessings and advantages of free labor institutions with those of slave labor. The North could challenge the world to exhibit greater evidences of prosperity and wealth, the result of industry. Her common schools and general education enlightened her masses, and built up free discussion. Years ago it was difficult for the Abolitionists to be heard. Their bloody footsteps track the prairies and plains of the North in their contest for the fundamental rights of man. She thanked God for free schools, by which the masses were educated. In the South, idleness was the rule. Some say a negro is lazy, and won't work. How much would a white man work in his position? The rule of human nature is that a slave will work as little as he can, and waste as much as he can. It was as an ancient philosopher had said, "Make a man a slave, you take half his worth away." By statistics, it is shown that slaves produce only one-third as much as freemen. The slaveowner produces nothing; he lives by stealing. Slaves produce all that is produced. As to the low whites, crackers, mudsills, or white trash, as they are called, they are despised alike by master and slave, and live merely from hand to mouth, in a miserable condition. The South, further, in discarding free labor, are without inventive genius, as the Patent Office reports will show.

Mrs. F. next spoke of the reasons why the cities of the seaboard were tributary to the South. They were interested in stocks of those States, and were governed by their ledgers.

A picture was drawn of the barbarous condition of the South, which the speaker said exceeded in its horrors that of any country on the earth. She asked, where there are two contiguous nations so entirely opposite in character and habits as the North and the South, and quoted from Southern papers to show their dislike to free society, free schools, and free institutions.

She asked why had the South gone off? The occasion was the election of Lincoln, but the cause lay seventy-five years back. The South had had nearly all the offices for over half a century. Have they not, Deacon? [Mrs. F. addressed this to Deacon Gray who sat in front. He answered, "Yes, ma'am, I think they have."] Yes, they have, but even you Democrats will get cured. The South will not bear divided power—they will rule or ruin. They imagine they are powerful, and that "Cotton is King." This is owing to their long connection with the North. They think they are important to her, and no wonder, for though they ride over and abuse her, still on her knees she asks them to come back, and proposes concessions. But the Union cannot be kept forever. The conflict may be stayed for six days, or six months, but not forever. She would not be surprised if, in six days, there would be civil war. She would shed no tears over it, for it would be a war between the North and the South, and when rogues fall out, honest men get their dues.

Mrs. F. charged upon the Republican party that Lincoln was pledged not to interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia, unless the pirates and thieves therein consent to abolish it, and blamed them for making anti-slavery speeches to gain votes. She passed a eulogy upon John Brown, regarding him as worthy of the honor bestowed upon Lafayette and other true men.

She then entered into a review of the Lucy case, saying that duty compelled her to speak the truth of some who had been on friendly terms with her. She charged upon Judge Tilden, Judge Spaulding and Sheriff Craw, that they were perjured, in not producing the body of Lucy in Court, under the writ of *habeas corpus* issued. Democrats had spurned God's laws frequently, but it was left for Republicans to trample upon the bulwark of liberty, the sacred writ of *habeas corpus*, which, for two hundred years, had never been violated until on the 19th of January last, in the city of Cleveland. She said a Republican lawyer of the city had said to her that Lucy was in the Court, in the person of her counsel, Judge Spaulding. Judge Spaulding the body of Lucy! A singular transmigration! Why did these men and editors keep silent about this? Did they want to save the Union? [Deacon Gray—"They wanted to save office."] Yes, they were anxious for office, and some of the Republicans even went so far as to volunteer to Marshal Johnson to serve as bloodhounds.

Mrs. F. then spoke of the papers. She said *The Herald* was nothing, that *The Leader*, whose old files would show strong anti-slavery articles, favored Lucy's return. What was justice and mercy to securing the post-office? As to *The Plaindealer*, that was as plain as any devil's plainness. A lady east had taken that paper, of whom she had inquired why she took so infamous a sheet. She replied, because of all the Cleveland papers, it alone did not add hypocrisy to its other crimes. In connection with Judge Tilden, Judge Loring of Massachusetts was instanced, who had been removed from acting as Probate Judge, for his alacrity in obeying the Fugitive law, but she said it was left for Judge Tilden to trample on the writ of *habeas corpus*. She hoped the honest masses would see to it that no man who has perjured himself have charge of the interests of widows and orphans, and that no Sheriff be again chosen who will make no true return to a writ of *habeas corpus*. She further said it was the determination of the Abolitionists to agitate in every town of the country, to awake the popular feeling of rebuke. She concluded by predicting the ultimate triumph of God's truth, and that, out of the present strife, will grow up a new Union in which the rights of all will be respected.

FREEDOM AND SLAVERY

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

THE following table, for which we are indebted to Mr. Kennedy, Superintendent of the Census Bureau, shows the population of the United States and Territories, according to the seventh census (1850) and the eighth census (1860) respectively; also, the representation for the thirty-eighth Congress, and the losses and gains in the several States:

COMPARATIVE TABLE.

States.	1850 Free.	1850 Slave.	1860 Free.	1860 Slave.
Alabama	428,779	342,844	529,164	435,132
Arkansas	162,797	47,100	324,323	111,104
California	92,597	....	380,015	....
Connecticut	370,792	....	460,151	....
Delaware	89,242	2,290	110,420	1,798
Florida	48,135	39,310	78,686	61,753
Georgia	524,503	381,682	595,097	462,230
Illinois	851,470	....	1,711,753	....
Indiana	988,416	....	1,350,479	....
Iowa	192,214	....	674,948	....
Kansas	....	....	107,110	....
Kentucky	771,424	210,981	930,228	225,490
Louisiana	272,953	244,809	376,913	332,520
Maine	583,169	....	628,276	....
Maryland

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-seventh Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the Church of the Puritans (Dr. Cheever's), in the city of New York, on TUESDAY, May 7, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m. In the evening, another public meeting will be held in the Cooper Institute, commencing at half-past 7 o'clock. The names of speakers for these meetings will be seasonably announced.

The Society will meet, for business purposes only, in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, at 3½ p.m. on Tuesday, and at 10 a.m. on Wednesday.

The object of this Society is still—as at its formation—the immediate and total abolition of slavery wherever existing on the American soil, because of its inherent sinfulness, immorality, oppression, and barbarity, and its utter repugnance to all the precepts of the Gospel, and all the principles of genuine Democracy; its measures are still the same—peaceful, moral, rational, legal, constitutional; its instrumentalities are the same—the pen, the press, the lecturing field, tracts and other publications, etc., etc., disseminating light and knowledge in regard to the tyrannical power claimed, possessed and exercised by slaveholders, the actual condition of their miserable victims, and the guilty complicity of the people of the North, religiously, politically, governmentally, with those who "trade in slaves and the souls of men"; its spirit is still the same—longsuffering, patient, hopeful, impartial, benevolent alike to the oppressor and the oppressed, zealously intent on "promoting the general welfare and securing the blessings of liberty" universally, "knowing no East, no West, no North, no South," but embracing the whole country in its charitable and humane concern, and conflicting with nothing just, honest, noble and Christian in sentiment, practice or tendency.

Whether the American Union, therefore, be dissolved or not, so long as a single slave is left in his fetters, this Society will still have its work unfinished, and will still deserve the countenance and aid of all believers in the inalienable rights of man—of all who "despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, and who reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man." Four millions yet remain to be delivered from the galling yoke of a worse than brutal servitude. Christians and patriots! can we do a nobler work, one more acceptable to God or more serviceable to our country and the world, than to "remember those in bonds as bound with them," and to labor "in season and out of season" for their emancipation?

Let unusual efforts be made by the members and friends of the Society to be present at the approaching anniversary, that there may be no lack of wise counsel and efficient cooperation with reference to the consummation of its great purpose.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.
CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, }

The New York (City) Anti-Slavery Society will hold its anniversary in the Cooper Institute on WEDNESDAY evening, May 8th. Addresses by WENDELL PHILLIPS and THEODORE TILTON. Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

THE ISSUE MADE UP!

THERE is certainly one particular in which the villany of the South is favorably distinguished from its sister villany of the North. It is at least frank and outspoken. There is nothing wooden about the nutmegs which the slaveholders dispense. The spicy flavor of the article in which they deal is the guaranty of its genuineness. While their Northern confederates in Church and State are sneaking about, trying to twist some Scripture or to pervert some History into a cloak for the hideousness of slavery, they boldly tear off all its disguises, and, like tall bullies as they are, "lift the head and lie," proclaiming it to be the perfection of beauty and the paragon of strength. They cut short the argument as to the merits of slavery by unblushingly assuming the point at issue—not *begging* the question, but *seizing* it—and affirming that slavery is the normal condition of the negro and mastership the right and the duty of the white man, ordained of God for the fit ordering of the Church and of the Commonwealth. This theology, philosophy or political economy has been organizing itself into shape for about twenty years or so, and the bold utterance with which George McDuffie startled even his fellow-slaveholders when he pronounced "Slavery the Corner-stone of the Republican Edifice," has grown into a truism and is now actually made the breath of the life of the new Confederate Nation of the South.

We presume that most of our readers have read the speech of Mr. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy, of which we give some extracts in another place, in which he squarely takes this ground and makes it the foundation of the polity he has just assisted in constructing. Now it must be borne in mind by all who read his speech that Mr. Stephens was not one of the blatant Secessionists, who rushed out of the Union, in the hope of picking up something in the confusion that should follow better than anything they could hope for under the old state of affairs. He is a man, as we understand it, of an excellent social *status*, and with nothing to gain by setting the house on fire in which he had been born and grown up. He thought and maintained, up to the latest possible moment, that slavery was at least as safe under the old Constitution of the United States as it could be under any new invention made out of its fragments, while it was much more economically and agreeably protected by the force of the whole Nation, maintained almost entirely by the wealth of the North. These were not precisely the terms in which he stated his Unionism, but they express what must have been its really animating principle. He resisted the Secession Movement to the last, and went into it when he had to choose between swimming with the tide or being carried under by it, undoubtedly, in the hope that he could in some measure direct and regulate its fury. Having accepted the Vice-Presidency of the new government he seems determined to be loyal to it and to do the best he can for it. And the best service he can render to it is to give its central Idea all the support and illustration of which his logic and rhetoric are capable. This he has done in the speech in question, which should be read in the light of his past political life and with a fresh remembrance of all his antecedents.

We do not propose going into any analysis or criticism of this speech, as we think that it analyzes and criticizes itself sufficiently as it goes along. But we would be understood as accepting it, and all the less authentic utterances of the same tone, as results of the Anti-Slavery Agitation for which we have long and earnestly labored. In the days of the old Abolition Societies, as long as slavery was not treated as a crime against God and Man, to be repented of and forsaken like any other abominable wickedness, the answer to all their appeals was simple—"We agree with you that slavery is a moral evil and a great misfortune to us and the country; but what can we do? In the course of Divine Providence, a way may be opened by which we may escape from it. Until then, let us all possess our souls in patience." And so this kind of reasoning had the effect of

> "Feather-bed 'twixt castle-wall
> And heavy brunt of cannon-ball,"

and rendered all the fire of the old-fashioned artillery of no effect. But after the new inventions in moral gunnery had been brought to bear on the walls of our Castle of Despair and had swept into nothingness the flimsy cobwebs of sophistry which had been their sufficient protection before, a new method of defence had to be devised. And that was done by strengthening the walls themselves by every imaginable artifice of engineering, and by encouraging the defenders and disheartening the assailants with the assertion that those walls came down from heaven, as the Heavenly Jerusalem did in vision, and that to make an attack upon them was to lift the hand against God himself. This change in the character of the defence was made necessary by the earnestness and persistency of the attack, and we have to thank God for it, at once as a testimony of the telling effect of our fire and as a shifting of position which brings the enemy into the very exposure which renders their final destruction inevitable and perhaps sudden.

For this new manœuvre and change of face not only brings them yet more within the range of our batteries than they were before, but places them point-blank within that of those of the whole civilized world besides. Catholic and Greek and Moslem will unite with Protestants in the crusade which such forcible demonstration of feebleness invites. It draws upon itself forces of every arm and weapons of every temper. Its surrender is only a question of time—a question of no great consequence to calm observers from the safe hills in the distance, but very material to the poor captives who are pining in chains in its dungeons. And this time is hastened forward many years by the new dogma that Doubting Castle is not the abode of Giant Despair, but one of the fortified outposts of the Celestial City. And we do not think that the final downfall of slavery will be much retarded by the well-meant zeal of its well-wishers and friends in the North. Those of our readers who diligently peruse the Pro-Slavery Department of THE STANDARD—and we trust we have none so blind to their own good as to pretermit the piquant morsels we regularly serve up on our first page—can hardly have failed to notice the great moral movement the inauguration of which we recorded therein last week. We have not time now to treat of this scheme of destroying agitation by means of Anti-Agitation Societies. We hope to be able to return to the subject when we can give it the attention its importance deserves. But, in effect, it is a new Missionary Enterprise for the preaching at the North of the Gospel according to Stephens. Stripped of all the verbiage of the "Programme" which disguises its purposes, this purpose is simply to preach that slavery is an Institution ordained of God, a struggle against which is an "arrogant assumption against the providence of the Most High," which, if persisted in, "will surely bring down his heavy and prolonged judgments upon us!"

Though this Society is the latest born, and, we should apprehend, the feeblest and most rickety, of all the progeny of slavery in the North, we have no doubt that it will do us, the enemies of slavery, yeoman's service. What Truth wants most, and all she wants, is a well stricken field. After all disguises are stripped off and both South and North meet to settle the question in fair fight whether a man belongs to himself or to some one else, then is joined the decisive battle. It may linger long, and die away and be renewed, but there can be no doubt as to what the final issue will be. We might wish for foemen more worthy of our steel than these new recruits who have just mustered themselves into the ranks of slavery. But we must take such as we can get. For it is not many wise, nor many prudent, nor many noble, that will adventure themselves at such desperate odds. There is something of the "*gaudia certamenis*"—the rapture of the strife—in engaging with such a champion as Stephens, who sounds his point of defiance far before the embattled hosts. But the camp-followers must be dealt with, too, ignominious as victory over them must needs be. But the fact which the trumpet-note of Stephens and the weak and childish treble of Mr. Sidney Morse and the Rev. Hubbard Winslow alike announce is this—that the discussion of slavery on its merits is again to be renewed before the world. The conflict may be a long one, and will be as embittered as political malice, mercantile greed and priestly bile can make it. It is by no means certain—nay, it is probable—that slavery may appear to win the day, even at the North. But this can be but for a season, and all such temporary triumphs of the Wrong will but hasten and ensure the final victory of the Right. It becomes us all, however, being forwarned, to be forearmed and to be ready to play our part in the battle which is impending.

REVOLUTION IN ST. DOMINGO.

THE people of the United States were not a little startled by the intelligence, received at the close of the last week, that Spain had once more taken possession of that portion of Hayti known as the Dominican Republic, and embracing about three-fifths of the territory of the island. It was originally a Spanish colony, the western end of the island (Hayti proper) having been a possession of France. The two colonies were united under Toussaint, but after his death Dominica fell again into the hands of Spain, from which it revolted after the death of Dessalines; and, in 1822, the whole island was once more united by Boyer under one government, in which condition it remained till 1842, since which the eastern or Spanish portion has maintained its independence.

It is stated that, for some time past, a process of colonization has been going on, large bodies of emigrants having been introduced into the island, with the view of promoting Spanish interests and consequent disaffection towards the Republican government, and at the first sign of resistance on the part of the native population to invoke the aid of the Spanish government. This, according to the intelligence before us, was accomplished on the 16th ult., *when the Spanish flag was hoisted*, much to the consternation of the black and native inhabitants. The Spanish frigate Blanca was dispatched from Havana on the 23d, immediately on the receipt of the above news, fully armed and equipped with a large number of regular troops on board to assist in this Spanish protectorate, or, in other words, annexation. The screw steam frigates Petronila and Berenguela were to follow as soon as possible, with about 5,000 of the regular army. A large addition of naval and military force, including some of the largest war vessels and about 10,000 regular army, is also reported as on the way from Spain to Cuba and the West Indies.

Santana, the President of the Republic, has proved a traitor to the people who made him their ruler, and sold the country to Spain! It would seem that some of the native Dominicans were aware of the plot before its consummation, and that a secret appeal was sent out to rally the people to the defence of the Republic. The negroes, the true owners of the soil, are calling upon each other to die in the sacred cause of personal and political liberty. They say, and with reason, that the Spanish government cannot exist upon that island without the institution of slavery, and that, if they themselves are not to be enslaved, the extermination of their race, as freemen, will be an inevitable result.

In connection with this startling news comes the rumor that Spain has an understanding with France, and that the latter is about to seize that portion of the island now under the rule of Jeffrard. Napoleon the First was unable to conquer the people of Hayti; whether the present ruler of France is likely to be more successful in such an attempt, is a question upon which we shall not now speculate.

Spain would not have made this move if the United had not become the *dis*-United States, and the government at Washington been made almost contemptible by the revolt of the slaveholders. It will not be surprising if she takes advantage of our present crippled condition to seize and hold her ancient colony of Mexico. Those who have been dreaming of the annexation of Cuba to this slaveholding country, and the annihilation of Spanish power on this continent, may live to witness events which they little anticipated.

POLICE ARRANGEMENTS FOR BOSTON.—The reader will find on the fourth page portions of a speech lately delivered by WENDELL PHILLIPS, before a Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, in behalf of the proposition to place the police of Boston under control of a Commission to be appointed by the State, so as to secure the freedom of speech in the City of the Pilgrims. A bill providing such a Commission has since been reported by the Committee to the Legislature, and we hope it may become a law. The evidence given before the Committee is said to embrace some rich disclosures respecting the complicity of the Mayor, and other "gentlemen of property and standing," with the attempts to put down the Abolitionists by mobocratic violence. It is to be printed.

THE ARGUMENT FOR SLAVERY.

WE were about to say—The downfall of slavery approaches. But, remembering how often, and sometimes how persistently, the wisdom of this world acts like folly, we find it needful to limit this expression, and to say—A glorious *opportunity* now offers, in which the people of the North might, if they would, in the action of the year now commenced, insure the downfall of slavery, and see the beginning of its end.

The slaveholders, and their sympathizers in the free States (so called) see this critical moment, if the North does not; and both classes are doing their utmost to avert the perilous crisis. Some try to lead, others to drive, the Northern people into some action (or inaction) other than the seizing of this golden opportunity. The slaveholders appeal to force, which is yet more congenial to them than fraud, custom having made it a second nature. So they roar, bellow and bully, declare themselves determined to have their rights, (which nobody has ever thought or dreamed of taking from them,) proceed, in the name of "defence", to violate so many of the rights of the other party as they can lay their hands on, and kick up that "d—d fuss, generally," which has gained them their own way in so many preceding trials.

Some of the Northern men with Southern principles echo this cry and imitate this policy, mobbing down anti-slavery meetings by a riotous incursion, in which the drinkers of the best brandy and of the poorest whiskey stand shoulder to shoulder, and then use "respectable" newspapers to represent this course as their indispensably necessary "defence" against the outrageous conduct of men who were holding a quiet meeting in their own hall.

Other Northern allies of the Slave Power appeal to *argument* in its defence, and seek to tide over the approaching crisis by the issue of something purporting to meet that appeal to reason and Scripture against slavery, which the Abolitionists have always challenged. Thus a cloud of pro-slavery books and sermons has lately issued from the press; and these have, for the most part, been characterized by a reckless energy of assertion, showing the same disregard of reason and justice in the use of words, which the fire-eaters show in their use of fists and bludgeons, bowie-knives and revolvers. The occasion, these authors seem to think, demands strong remedies; and if rhetorical intensity *could* do the work of demonstration, their works would do it. We propose now to look at two of these books, of recent publication; one coarse and vulgar, the other with such polish as high literary culture, and aristocratical associations, civil and religious, can give; both undertaking, by argument, to prove slavery right; and both putting confident assertion in place of argument.

Dr. Van Evrie* does this work in a coarse and violent manner. His book is of the sort to which Mrs. Stowe's "Legree" and "Loker" would direct an inquiring mind (if they chose to appeal to literature at all) as the exponent of the reasons for their theory and practice with regard to "niggers."

The title-page of this book appeals to "reason." But in the first page of his brief preface, the author relieves his readers from the fear of any undue strain upon their mental faculties, and sets their minds at ease by a preliminary settlement (by assertion) of the principal points in the case, thus:—

"TO THE WHITE MEN OF AMERICA.

"There are now thirty millions of white men, twelve millions of negroes, and perhaps twelve millions of Indians or Aborigines, in America.

"God has made these white men, Indians and negroes just what we see they are—just what our senses, as well as our instincts and our reason show us they are—different creatures, different *species* of men, with different bodies, and different minds, and different natures, exactly as we witness all about us in all other forms of life. Why, or when, or how the Creator saw fit, in His infinite wisdom and almighty power, to thus order things, we can never know, nor need to know, anything further or beyond the fixed and indestructible *facts* thus presented to us. And it certainly needs but a moment's reflection to convince any *American* mind that a universal equality or affiliation with these Indians and negroes would, of necessity, result in the universal degradation and destruction of the white blood of America, with the consequent overthrow of republican institutions, and, indeed, the civilization and Christianity of the New World. The great men of the Revolutionary era, therefore, with a wise instinct and that lofty perception of the superiority of their race which always distinguish the true American, laid the foundations of a white Republic, and organized a government of white men, which, as they declared in the preamble to the Constitution, should secure the blessings of liberty to *themselves* and *their* posterity forever."

Do you catch the idea, intelligent white reader? You can see with your eyes, *without* a moment's reflection, that God made negroes with different bodies, different minds, and different natures from white men; and if your mind is an *American* mind, and will reflect *one* moment on the assumption thus made, you will become fully convinced that a practical recognition of equal rights between whites and negroes would overthrow republicanism, civilization and Christianity, as far as this country is concerned! If you adopt this as an inevitable conclusion from "fixed and indestructible facts", it will be easy to take the further step of assuming that the great men of the Revolution "laid the foundations of a *white* Republic, and organized a government of *white* men."

To stick to these assumptions, and to whatever follows from them, legitimately or illegitimately, is the scope and purport of Dr. Van Evrie's book.

He announces that certain enemies of the glorious fabric of freedom now existing in this country, unable to beat it down by the strong hand of physical force, have resorted to fraud, and originated a disgusting, impious and irrational imposture, to wit, the dogma or assumption of a single human species; that the negro has the same nature as the white man, and therefore is naturally entitled to the same liberty or rights; he assumes that the propagation of this idea is an effort "to thrust aside the Almighty, and make those equal He has eternally decreed shall remain unequal"; and he declares the time to be come when "the truth" must be laid before the people, showing "anti-slavery" to be treason to themselves, their posterity, their country, and American civilization.

Part of our author's plan is to charge upon the Abolitionists physical violence, an unjust attempt to compel others to act in accordance with their theories. Having announced that the Caucasian man is "the most elaborate in his structure, and therefore the highest endowed in his faculties," of all the species of man, and that, in regard to the physical structure of woman, "her muscular system, and organs of locomotion, necessary alone to mere physical power, are infinitely inferior to the other sex", he proceeds to say—

"The same ignorance of organization, which, in its blind fanaticism, would compel the negro, or would seek to compel the negro, with his different and inferior organization, to perform the functions of the white man, also busies itself about 'woman's rights', and true to the instincts of barbarism would force women to perform the functions of the other sex—to be captains of steamboats and bricklayers, as well as housekeepers, or directors of the nursery—indeed, the advocates of 'human rights' and 'woman's rights' are, from very necessity, associated together, and the delusion in one case is certain also to exist in the other."—p. 6.

The reader will have observed, in some of the quotations already made from Dr. Van Evrie, an independence of the ordinary rules of grammatical construction and of punctuation, corresponding, in some slight degree, to his independence of truth and reason. His system of spelling, both of common and proper names, is also original, and we must suppose, in justice to the publishers, that the author insisted on being his own proof-reader. Being learned, as a Doctor should be, he refers to "*Blamanbuck*", "*Teidamen*", "*Champolian*", "*Bajozet*", and "*the Mamalukes*"; names which will hardly be found in any book but his own. Having occasion to refer to the history of St. Domingo, he speaks of "*Touissant*", "*Solouque*", "*Desselaines*", and "*Jeffrard*", mis-spelling four names out of six, of the people of Hayti. Coming to science, he talks of "a genera", "this data"; he mentions repeatedly "the quadrumania"; and once, when he chances to spell this word rightly, he gives this somewhat remarkable "example" under it:—

"In the quadrumana—*the horse, for example*—the nerves are enormously large in comparison with the brain of that animal."—p. 115.

Perhaps the richest specimen of our Doctor's *science* is the following:

"A bone is picked up at random by the zoologist. He soon discovers that it is a bone of the thigh of some animal, and this necessarily leads to the fact that it belonged to the quadrumania, and it, in its turn, leads to other facts equally connected and dependent on each other. . . . Thus an anatomist, who had given a certain amount of attention to the subject, might select the smallest bone, the meticarpal or bone of the finger, for example, and determine from among millions of similar ones, whether it was that of a white man or of a negro with perfect certainty and the greatest ease."—pp. 92, 3.

To such of our readers as are neither "Doctors" nor students of natural science, it may be well to say that the *quadrumana* (the *four-handed* animals, or monkey tribe,) agree with all other animals that have thighs, in having *but one* bone in the thigh; and that the metacarpal bones, very far from being "the smallest", are those which support the palm of the hand, connecting the fingers with the wrist; and that no anatomist could possibly tell, by examining any bone of the hand or fingers, small or large, whether it had belonged to a negro or a Caucasian!

In speaking of the ape family, he calls them sometimes "simidæ" and sometimes "simiadæ."

He states the following as facts in nature and science.

"The negro is incapable of an erect or direct perpendicular posture. The general structure of his limbs, the form of the pelvis, the spine, the way the head is set on the shoulders, in short, the *tout ensemble* of the anatomical formation, forbids an erect position."—p. 93.

"The Caucasian alone has a beard."—p. 101.

"The Caucasian is the only bearded race."—p. 102.

"Music is to the negro an impossible art, and therefore such a thing as a negro singer is unknown."—p. 113.

"The negro, therefore, neither perceives nor can he give expression to music—he has neither the brain nor the delicacy of nerve nor the vocal organism that is essential to this faculty."—p. 114.

"It is a statistical *fact* that "free" negroes do not produce sufficient for their support, and consequently that they tend perpetually to extinction."—p. 119.

"Amalgamation can never occur at the South, and scarcely needs an exposition in this place."—p. 154.

The author states as a *fact*, that a negro condemned to be hanged *or burned** "rarely manifests dread or apprehension of any kind"; and he states as the *reason* of this assumed fact, that

"His imperfect innervation, his sluggish brain, and low grade of sensibility, render him incapable of anticipating that terrible physical suffering from which the elaborate and exquisitely organized Caucasian suffers under these circumstances."—p. 165.

Thus coolly can one man theorize upon another man's agonies!

The book gives many specimens of assertion as presumptuous and absurd as these, but we have not space for further quotation, and will give merely the substance of one or two other statements.

The author declares that the maternal affection of the negress, boundless for her *infant*, grows feebler as the capacities of the child are developed, so that at twelve or fifteen years she is relatively indifferent to it, and "at forty she does not recognize it." The negro mind, he says, "becomes stationary at twelve to fifteen, for to them it is complete development." The strongest affection the negro is capable of feeling is love of his master, and this is also the most enduring, remaining with him through life!—pp. 229–231.

Dr. Van Evrie feels obliged to give up the old-fashioned lie that mulattoes are sterile, but he manufactures a new one, affirming of that class, that—

"The offspring constantly diminishes when hybrids intermarry with hybrids of the same remove, until, reaching the fourth generation, it loses all generative capacity as absolutely as the mule."—p. 152.

For the benefit of those who have doubts upon this subject, it may be well to state the opinion of the eminent writer on anthropology, Professor Waiz, called by the critic of *The Atlantic Monthly* "the most careful and truly scientific author in the field of Ethnology whom we have had since Prichard, and with the wider scope which belongs to the intellectual German." His judgment upon this subject is thus stated in *The Atlantic* for April.

"The hybrid question, as put by Messrs. Gliddon and Nott, meets with a searching and careful investigation, with the conclusion that nothing in facts yet ascertained proves any want of vitality or power of propagation in mulattoes, or in crosses of any human races."

The work of Dr. Seabury,† which we have next to examine, is favorably contrasted with the one already noticed, in two points. It is written in good English, and its manner of putting assumption in place of argument is calm and decorous, instead of coarse and passionate.

Dr. Seabury, a clergyman of no small eminence in the Episcopal Church, formerly editor of *The Churchman*, and now rector of a fashionable and wealthy congregation, thinks that one great source of our troubles in this country is the erroneous opinion that slavery is a moral and social evil; that it is a wrong and a disgraceful custom. He assumes that slavery is permitted by the Scriptures, and also by the Constitution; in his opinion, the fact that the Constitution of the United States covers slave States as well as free, is reason enough why every man that lives under it should assume slavery to be neither morally wrong nor socially disreputable; he proceeds to give his judgment that it is clearly repugnant to the genius of our government to mix up questions of morality, religion, and social life, with our national politics; and he frankly announces the aim of the present work to be, to help to withdraw from this vexed controversy, if it be possible, its moral, religious, and social element; that thus slavery, when it is made an object of national legislation, may be discussed and disposed of on merely economical and political grounds.

Assuming that "slavery at the South is an immovable fact," and that, with the views which at present prevail on this subject at the North, it is neither possible nor desirable that our Union should much longer continue, Dr. Seabury proceeds with calm resolution to the work of changing the current of Northern opinion.

He thinks that the mind of the Northern and Eastern States, being "thrown upon its own energies with no hereditary institutions to steady it, with no learned order to guide it," has germinated too luxuriantly, and put forth not a few crude theories of morals and religion. Moreover, "in the prosecution of Moral Reform, Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Woman's Rights, and other fancied schemes of philanthropy, it has contrived to divest some gross sins of their deformity, and to convert, by means of penal enactments, some innocent actions into crimes."

He declares slavery to have given *stability* to Southern society; and he thinks this particular institution to be the great point of antagonism, not so much between the North and the South, as between order, conservatism and Christianity on the one hand, and misrule, anarchy and infidelity on the other!

Dr. Seabury thinks it important to defend slavery on the ground of "natural right," maintaining that the argument founded on the inferiority of the African race does not come up to the point; and his purpose in this book is to inquire respecting slavery—"Is not the institution agreeable to the law of Nature, as well as to the law of the land and to the Scriptures?"

The book is full of assumptions as utterly and obviously unfounded as several of those above rehearsed; but its special peculiarities in managing the defence of slavery are two; one, the *definition* of slavery which he manufactures for this purpose; the other, a peculiar hypothesis respecting the slave.

His definition is this:—

"A slave is a person who is related to society through another person, called a master, to whom he owes due service, or labor, for life, and from whom he is entitled to receive support and protection."

His hypothesis respecting the slave, the acceptance of which will make everything smooth and easy—if you will only take it with the implicit confidence which children require of their playmates—

> "Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
> And I'll give you something to make you wise!"—

is that "a contract" tacitly subsists between him and his master, by which *he agrees* to be a slave for life; and that—the children of slaves being naturally part of their parents, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh—"naturally, therefore, as well as justly, and by a moral necessity, they become parties to the contract that subsists between their parents and the master."—It is only the first step that costs. Grant the *contract*, and all the rest easily follows.

Rather strangely, Dr. Seabury objects to the original African slave-trade; forgetting, as it seems, the possibility of taking for granted that *a contract* tacitly subsisted between the captives and the buccaneers. But he declares that "slavery, *once introduced*, becomes a just and settled institution of society"; that "even when it originates in war, it passes, by a tendency of human nature amounting almost to a law, into a peaceful and orderly form of society"; and, finally, that "the bond of servitude is formed by Providence"; that it is "next in sacredness to the ties of blood"; and that "for the State to step in and annul the relation, and cancel the real though implied contract, without the mutual consent of the parties," would be an unjustifiable stretch of arbitrary power!

We welcome these two "defences" of slavery, as material helps in the work of overthrowing it.

* "Negroes and Negro Slavery: the first an inferior race; the latter its normal condition. By J. H. Van Evrie, M.D.—'Let us reason together.'—New York: Van Evrie, Horton & Co., 162 Nassau St. 1861."—pp. 339.

† "American Slavery distinguished from the Slavery of English Theorists, and Justified by the Law of Nature. By Rev. Samuel Seabury, D.D., author of "Discourses on the Supremacy and Obligation of Conscience."—New York: Mason Brothers, 5 & 7 Mercer street. 1861."—pp. 319.

* The burning alive of slaves, though a fact of increasing frequency in the Southern States, is denied altogether by some advocates of slavery. Dr. Van Evrie admits the fact, and uses it by way of illustration.

SLAVERY IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

THE last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church adopted a "new chapter" on slavery, embracing the following declaration and admonition:

"We believe that the buying, selling, or holding of human beings as chattels is inconsistent with the Golden Rule, and with that rule in our discipline which requires all who desire to continue among us to 'do no harm, and to avoid evil of every kind.' We, therefore, affectionately admonish all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure from this great evil, and to seek its extirpation by all lawful and Christian means."

This simple declaration of opinion was substituted for the old provision, which prohibited *preachers* from becoming slaveholders, though it put no such restriction upon private members of the Church. The above prohibits slaveholding neither on the part of ministers nor laymen; indeed, the General Conference itself voted 171 against 6, that it was "only *declarative* and *advisory*." But though it did not diminish, by so much as *one*, the number either of slaveholders or of slaves in the Church, or interpose any barrier to the further admission of the one or the other, it has been held by some to prove that the Methodist Church is, in the true sense of the word, anti-slavery! As well attempt to prove that the American nation, in spite of its four millions of slaves, is truly a *free* and not a slaveholding nation, because of the announcement in the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal." It is the presence of slaveholders in a Church that makes it slaveholding. No mere declaration of *opinion* can be accepted as an offset to that damning fact.

But the slaveholders and their apologists in the border Conferences were terribly indignant that the General Conference *declared* the holding of slaves to be inconsistent with the Golden Rule and the requirements of the Discipline. Though it was not proposed to turn them out of the Church, the *opinion* of the Conference that they were sinners was naturally very distasteful; and they were not to be appeased by the apology that such a declaration was necessary to save the Church at the North from division or disintegration.

At the recent meeting of the Baltimore Conference, Bishop Scott, who presided, was called upon, in his official capacity, to expound the relations of the Church to slavery. The matter was brought to his attention by a series of questions, four of which we copy, together with his answers to the same:

1. Is there anything in the Discipline which, in your judgment, would be a bar to the ordination of a local preacher holding slaves? *Answer*—No.

2. Anything in the Discipline which, in your judgment, would operate against the admission of a slaveholder into the Church? *Answer*—No.

3. Anything in the Discipline that would justify an administrator in arraigning a slaveholder? *Answer*—No.

4. Is there any process authorized in the Discipline by which a member can be brought to trial who holds slaves for gain? *Answer*—I know of no such process.

Such is the relation of the Methodist Church to slavery, according to the official declarations of one of its Bishops! Its discipline contains nothing to prevent the ordination of a slaveholder as a local preacher; nothing against the admission of a slaveholder to the Church; nothing by which a slaveholder can be tried and excluded. Meanwhile there are thousands of slaveholders in the Church, and more are constantly being received to membership. Is argument required to show that the Methodist Episcopal Church, whatever may be the recorded *opinions* of its General Conference, is practically a SLAVEHOLDING Church?

THE LATE TRAGEDY AT CLEVELAND.—IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

MY last paper was concluded in the midst of such an argument as the advocate of Lucy might well have urged on the tribunal at Cleveland, which inflicted such wanton, deadly wrongs on our poor sister. To what was then suggested, I now proceed to add, that Lucy was entitled to full protection from the ruffians that assailed her, through the organic laws of the Republic. She was one of "the people of the United States," for whose benefit the Constitution was framed and adopted. She was fairly and certainly included in the description—in the term "people"—which is there introduced. This term is rendered exhaustingly comprehensive by the article "the," by which it is preceded. No human creature in the United States could fairly be excluded from the benefits which the Constitution enumerates and defines. For everybody knows that the people of a country include all the children of Adam who may, in whatever condition, reside within its limits. It is remarkable, moreover, that the objects with which the Constitution is occupied belong equally to all who have inherited human nature. One just as truly as another—the lowly as truly as the lofty—the poor as truly as the rich—the unlettered as truly as the learned—the negro as truly as his white-skinned brother—has an inborn right, and for his own individual benefit, to "the establishment of justice." The "general welfare" which the Constitution proposes to promote, includes the *particular* welfare of everybody, here, there, and all abroad. To "the blessings of liberty," all men everywhere, not accused of crime, are naturally entitled. And all this is in most marked and manifest accordance with, is imperiously demanded by, the broad doctrines of the great "Declaration."

Now, we have the soul and substance of the Constitution in the OBJECTS which it avowedly embraces and subserves. In the enumeration of these, the END is clearly and authoritatively announced for which it was framed. The words which are here employed are equally explicit and decisive, and superlatively so in both respects. The "Articles" and "Sections" which follow the Preamble, the instrument itself carefully informs us, are introduced "IN ORDER" to the accomplishment of the objects which the Preamble commends. The Preamble describes the sublime END for which these organic laws were enacted—the "Articles and Sections" the MEANS through which this end might be legitimately pursued. The latter derives its significance and worth wholly from the former. Now if, in the latter, any provision was made, any expedient was commended, for the perpetration of injustice, for the sacrifice of liberty, it must be pronounced *flagrantly unconstitutional*. It must be regarded as in "irreconcilable conflict" with the avowed objects of the Constitution. He must be thrice and four times a fool, who, in any case, goes about to sacrifice the end to the means! To sacrifice justice, as an end, to some unjust expedient as a means! It is most glaringly a rank, gross, palpable absurdity to deprive Lucy of the protection of justice and "the blessings of liberty" as a constitutional obligation! To get up this pretence, in any case whatever, is to act the part of a drivelling idiot, or a whining, canting hypocrite. Even your political jugglers, to whatever party they may belong, with heads all the more noisy for their emptiness, and hearts all the more putrid for such patriotism as they brag of, know that no human name, be it John or be it Lucy, can anywhere or anyhow be denied the enjoyment of justice and liberty according to the Constitution. Whenever they consent to any such atrocious and infamous attempt, every drop of blood in their veins, and every human emotion in their bosoms, accuses them of falling foul of that instrument. If any provision could be found in it requiring or justifying such an outrage, the Constitution itself requires us to reject and spit upon such a provision as obviously and unendurably inconsistent with its professed aim and declared design.

But *there is* no provision in the Constitution for the rendition of any human creature as a chattel. There never was. I don't say that, in framing and adopting it, such a thing was not intended. I do not care, so far as the argument in hand may be concerned, whether it was or was not intended. In subscribing to the Constitution, you are not bound by the intentions of any Honorable Thomas or any Reverend Richard or any Colonel Harry—you are bound by the natural meaning of the instrument itself, ascertained through a fair application of the laws of the English language, and by nothing else whatever. It is you, and not Judge Taney or Abraham Lincoln—it is you, your proper self, who, for yourself, put your name to this instrument. These huge figures, be they statues or be they scarecrows, who so officiously protrude their services upon you, cannot UNDERSTAND it for you; *you must understand it for yourself*. You would be justified in applying your boot right vigorously to any Supreme Court under heaven, that should here attempt to thrust itself into your place and force you to swear according to other words than are here recorded.

I say, then, when Lucy stood before the Stygian tribunal at Cleveland, she was really and truly a chattel, or she was not a chattel. If she was, confessedly, *not* a chattel, then the infamous villain who, with the help of liberty-loving Cleveland, dragged her there, must, of course, relinquish his intended prey. If she *was* a chattel, *she could not* "*owe him service.*" Even the moonstruck creatures who figure in your Legislatures know as much as that! *Chattels owe service!* Great heaven! Can the addle-headed multitude around us go down to any lower depths of absurdity than they reach in opening their mouths in any such assertion? Everybody knows that *personality* only can rise into the hallowed sphere of obligation.

Moreover, the natural basis of all such obligations as are described in Art. iv., Sec. 3, of the Constitution is fitly described in the phrase so often employed, "For value received." Here is the soul, the life, the strength of all just claims in the sphere of commercial economy. If this be wanting, any demand, however described and however urged, naturally falls to the ground. It cannot be enforced.

I don't care what the provision in question may mean in applying this argument. It is enough for my present purpose that it *can, by no possibility, mean* LUCY. What could she "owe" the miscreant who laid his hands upon her as a chattel? *She owe him?* What "value" had she "received" at his hand, to lay her under obligation to follow him to his den of infamy—to minister, night and day, at the expense of soul and body, to his passions and appetites? But I have not done with the argument. BERIAH GREEN.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

THE name of this faithful laborer in the anti-slavery cause has appeared in our columns quite infrequently of late, the state of her health being such as to unfit her for active service in the lecturing field. If, however, the reader will turn to the first page, he will find a sketch of an address lately made by her in Cleveland; and we here gladly put on record a tribute to her indomitable perseverance and rare devotion to the slave's cause, that will meet a warm response in the hearts of thousands who know and love her for her works' sake.

From The (Ohio) Anti-Slavery Bugle, March 30.

MRS. A. K. FOSTER.—This dear friend of all downtrodden humanity has just returned to her New England home. The exigencies of the anti-slavery cause in the West induced her to come to Ohio last fall, where she has since labored, such portion of the time, at least, as her feeble health would allow. She is wholly unable for field service, but she believed that duty called her here, and who has ever known her to shrink from suffering, under such circumstances? Who has ever seen her quail at any sacrifice, however great? To cut off a right hand, and to pluck out a right eye, is doubtless just as disagreeable to her as to any other person; but she, above all others, early learned the lesson of obedience. She reverently and cheerfully takes the cup that she believes the good Father mingles for her.

With the same earnestness and self-denial that characterized her first appearance in public, and also her subsequent career, when she stung this guilty nation into madness by her scathing rebuke of oppression, she came to us this season to do a missionary work that no other person could have done. She came without any compensation, save the approval of her conscience; and has borne her expenses out of her own purse; and I need not tell Abolitionists that one who has worked for the slave a quarter of a century, and once gave all she possessed to the cause, does not own a purse very cumbersome, either in size or in weight. Her labor, as it always was, has been invaluable. She has talked publicly when she could, and in private she has strengthened many a faint heart; she has encouraged the weary, and has striven to infuse into all a portion of that sublime faith and moral grandeur that have been the inspiration of her own life.

To the efforts of Mrs. Foster in 1845

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 1, 1861.

THE struggle in the Cabinet between Conservatism and Radicalism undoubtedly grows more violent and dangerous every day. Not that members of that high council indulge in acrimonious debate; not that any of them get into vulgar quarrels with each other; oh, no! But, nevertheless, a gigantic controversy rages in that Cabinet, which will, sooner or later, destroy it, and, perhaps, the country. Mr. Seward is at the head of one party in the Cabinet, Mr. Chase leads the other. Seward is for peace—many think for compromise, but nobody *knows* whether he would concede any vital principles in an attempt to save the Union or not. Most people here *think* he would. Chase is anti-concession in any and every contingency. That is, he is utterly opposed to the concession of one jot of real principle for any purpose, fully realizing the fact that any wicked truce with slavery will not prove the salvation of the country.

But the immediate conflict in the Cabinet is upon the proposed attempt to hold the forts and enforce the laws. Mr. Seward advocates strenuously the let-alone policy. He would overlook the treason so rampant in the South, would make no attempt to collect the revenues, and, if necessary as a military or a political necessity, would undoubtedly give up Fort Pickens as well as Sumter. His idea is that, if let alone, the seceders will soon come back, and thus the Union will be preserved; or, if not exactly so, he believes the Southern people will become so reasonable by and by, that a few concessions to their peculiar institution will allure them back into the old Union.

The Chase Republicans, if I may for present purposes so name them, believe in an active policy of the government at once. They argue that the revenues should be collected in the seceded ports, and if additional legislation is necessary, that Congress should be immediately called together for that purpose. Or, if this government is unwilling, or the people of the loyal States are unwilling, to make a war for the Union, then that the slave Republic shall be recognized at once, and the line be drawn between slavery and freedom, loyalty and disunion. This, they argue, would be infinitely preferable to a do-nothing policy, for they believe the inevitable result of such a policy will be, first, the utter demoralization of the government and the people; second, the independence of the rebel Republic; and third, the final subjugation of every free State by the Southern Confederacy. One by one, the free States would join the only government possessed of energy on the continent, and slavery would have complete dominion over the Republic.

During the week, a large number of Republicans have called on the President to urge a more decided policy upon him, and in some cases the representations made to him have been couched in very strong language. Senator Wade is reported to have said to him, on Thursday last, "Sir, if the Administration pursues its present policy, in thirty days you will be Jeff. Davis's prisoner of war!" Another Western member wanted to know if the President would collect the revenues in the seceded ports. "*If I can*," was the reply. "How about the forts? will they be held?" "If they can be," was the reply. "But, under existing laws, do you believe the revenues *can be* collected? That's the point." The President confessed that he did not see how it could be done. The member went away dissatisfied. But he was satisfied, however, of one thing—that Mr. Seward is thus far "cock of the walk" in the Presidential mansion. I do not fully concur in this opinion. Mr. Chase is a power in the Cabinet, and has great influence over Mr. Lincoln. Nor is it so certain that Mr. Lincoln will not stand by his own ideas in this crisis. The appointment of Mr. Giddings to the Consulship of Montreal, of Philemon Bliss to the Chief Justiceship of Nevada Territory, of J. S. Pike, of *The Tribune*, as Minister to the Hague, shows that Mr. Lincoln does not mean to ignore the Radicals, or, what they are termed here, "the Abolitionists" of the party. Still, it is true that there is trouble in the Cabinet; that the members disagree very widely and fundamentally as to the policy of the government, and it would not be at all surprising if a rupture occurred any day, and such is the belief of most of the Republicans here.

The feeling gains ground constantly that it is too late to save the Union, and that recognition of the Southern Confederacy is the best thing that remains. I do not mean to say that *many* Republicans here favor the immediate recognition of the seceded States as a government, but the number is increasing, and a majority here and elsewhere would rather acknowledge it at once than go on longer with the do-nothing policy. The worst of it is, no one seems to have any idea what is to be done in the future. *The Tribune*, one day, has a story that Fort Pickens has been reinforced, and in a day or two it is utterly denied by a journal further South. If Fort Pickens has been reinforced, or ordered to be reinforced, why should the Administration be so still about it? Is it anything to be ashamed of? Of course not; and if not, why should such official silence be preserved? As the matter now stands, the radical Republicans stoutly assert that Fort Pickens *has* been reinforced, while the do-nothings, the peace-policy men, assert as positively that it has *not* been reinforced, and that the Administration has no intention to reinforce it!

The impression, as I have remarked above, is very general, that there is an "irrepressible conflict" in the Cabinet. The politicians outside of the Presidential circle will have it that an explosion will soon occur, but it is difficult to learn the exact truth. I think all anti-slavery men must admit that Mr. Lincoln has made several most admirable appointments. No matter who pressed the nominations, Mr. Lincoln really made them. The appointment of such a radical Republican and honest man as Hiram Barney, Collector of New York, shows that we have fallen upon better times than the country has seen for thirty years, to say the least. For such a man to receive the most important office within the limits of the Empire State of New York is a tremendous triumph, especially when it is known that Mr. Barney did not bend the knee for it, but was appointed as a radical Republican. The Thurlow Weed clique opposed him from the start, but finding that Mr. Chase and the President were immovable, yielded with considerable grace to the appointment. Then remember the gift of the Consul Generalship at Montreal to Mr. Giddings, who is hated all over the South as intensely as Mr. Garrison himself. Already the pro-slavery newspapers assert that he was put there as the Agent of the Underground Railroad! Under the exciting circumstances, it was a manly act to select *this Abolitionist* for a $4,000 berth so near home. Was it not? Mr. Giddings did not abate one jot of his radicalism to get the place, and Mr. Seward offered it to him freely. I believe there was really not much of a contest in the case. J. S. Pike, too, of *The Tribune*, gets a mission abroad, and he is one of the most radical men on that journal. Mr. Fogg, the New Hampshire editor, is one of the old Free Soil men, and gets the mission to Switzerland. It would be easy to make a longer list of names, but those I have mentioned prove the fact, that the President is not ashamed of the men who elected him. This is certainly somewhat encouraging, for such appointments are calculated to strengthen the anti-slavery element in the Republican party.

Trouble may be at hand, but until it comes, or is clearly apprehended, it may be the wisest policy to believe that the Administration will stand by the principles on which it came into office. Whatever may be the result, no man can talk with Mr. Lincoln ten minutes without believing him to be sincerely anxious to fulfil all his pledges, whether implied or otherwise. He *intends* to do nobly and well, and if he fails, it will not be so much his own fault as that of others around him.

The most difficult business that ever falls to the lot of a President to execute, Mr. Lincoln is now doing—that of distributing the offices. It is a hard, soul-depressing duty. It has killed more than one Chief Executive, and would seem to be in a fair way of destroying Mr. Lincoln. He is so anxious to do justice to all, that he occupies himself too much with this business.

We are undoubtedly on the eve of stirring events. The evacuation of Sumter and the reinforcement of Pickens will very likely set the nation into a blaze of excitement. Any day we may hear of a collision at Pensacola. Everything depends upon Jefferson Davis. If he intends to provoke a collision, one will come. If he desires to avert war, we shall avoid one. AVON.

THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION, on Monday, resulted in the choice of the Republican State ticket and a Legislature Republican in both branches, but also in the loss to the Republicans of two of the four members of Congress.

HOW IT LOOKS TO AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

[The following extract of a letter from the Rev. WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, the nephew as well as the biographer of the lamented Dr. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, has been communicated to us for publication. We gladly give it a place in our columns.]

LIVERPOOL, March 8, 1861.

BUT do not misinterpret my religious—and, it may be, idolatrous—love of the nation, whose ideal has been to me like a morning star since boyhood. The fear of civil war is nothing compared to the shame and guilt of concession to the Slave Power. If only by the dissolution of the *body* of the nation its *spirit* can have free course and be glorified, then let us calmly meet the struggle. The true course—the just, wise, humane course—has seemed very clear to my conscience. The Republican party—the "lovers of freedom and union, one and inseparable"—have merely to stand firm on their constitutional DUTIES, as well as RIGHTS, and say: "We are where we are by the will of God, and can do no otherwise. We have violated not a single constitutional obligation; we have infringed not a single constitutional form; our party principles are the *essential* principles of the nation, as set forth in its supreme Declaration of Rights, and in the Preamble of the Constitution; our whole spirit, as proved in countless manifestations in Congress, legislative halls, public meetings, platforms, resolutions, and party papers, is generous, fraternal, considerate, patient to the utmost; our present pledges and promises are unreservedly pacific, and national in the largest sense; we can do no more. And now, clearly understand us. A national Union, organized by the people of the United States of America, can be dissolved ONLY by THAT PEOPLE. Summon, through constitutional authorities, and in the regularly appointed way, Conventions of the people, in *each* State; have Delegates appointed to a Central Convention of the people of ALL the States; let that Convention decide this controversy, which threatens to destroy the Union. Meanwhile, we make no terms with traitors. We recognize no right of public spoliation by any robbers, individual or collective. The Executive and the Congress appointed by the nation, according to constitutional forms, must abide by their oaths of office, at any cost. And until the people, in its sovereign capacity, has destroyed the Constitution and dissolved the Union, *we will* STAND BY the President and Congress, and God defend the right!" This, as I understand it, is the course approved by leading Republicans and by the President elect. It is, I am confident, the only course which will meet the approval of an onlooking world and of posterity. It is the course of principle, of honor, of humanity. And if civil and servile war must accompany and be incident to the accomplishment of this policy, then, I repeat, we must calmly meet that terrible trial. It will come in the movements of a righteous Providence, and must be borne—with as much cheerful heroism and magnanimity, as much fraternal forbearance and readiness to forgive and forget, as may be. This, however, is very clear, that if the Secessionists *open* the war there must be no more peace till the last fetter is broken, and all our enslaved brethren are welcomed as fellow-freemen.

As regards Mr. Seward's course, the generally accepted explanation on this side the water is, that he has wished to gain time, to allow popular passions to grow calm, before the border States should commit themselves to a decision. But highly as his sagacity is appreciated, it is thought that his subtlety has betrayed him. And however temperate and conciliatory it behoved him, in his responsible position, to be, it does not look statesmanlike to embolden opponents to make intolerable and utterly inadmissible demands, by apparent timidity. The Senator from New York has done too many brave acts, and spoken too many high-minded, far-seeing words, however, to make it credible that he will throw away as splendid an opportunity to save a great nation as ever was offered to man, in foolish panic. I do not comprehend his present course, and have lost confidence in his singleness and stability of political aims; but we must wait awhile before we judge him. One of his views apparently is, that if he can keep the border slave States in the Union, the new Administration can dictate terms to the seceders. But it looks to me, at this distance, as if, by being too anxious for the mere *external means* of a powerful policy, he had allowed the very essence and *vital energy* of that policy to expire. We shall see. If so, the President's position will become yet more difficult, from complications with the border States. *His* brave, simple spirit will save him from the magic illusions of the capital, we may be sure. And if *he* stands firm, a new era of national redemption will open. Never so much as now was I convinced that the stern alternative presented by Providence is this: universal emancipation by the common sacrifice and at the common cost of the nation, or civil, servile and foreign war. Heaven grant our first Republican President the wisdom and energy to initiate the only pacific policy, in Delaware, Maryland and Missouri, at least, and if possible in Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina also. Then all will follow inevitably, until in deed and in truth the United States of America becomes a Union of freemen, and of freemen only.

I never could believe in dear Theodore Parker's gloomy forebodings. It seemed to me that Providence, and the spirit of humanity, and the whole tendencies of civilized policy and international commerce conspired to ensure a peaceful cooperation of the free States with the slave States, to transform the slaves into freemen with liberal justice to all parties. It is clear as noontide to me, now as for years past, that this is the only really statesmanlike and Christian solution of the problem presented to our nation. But, apparently, we are not worthy of that grand achievement, the grandest that earth has yet seen. Very well, then; we must accept our allotted and deserved fate of civil war, and so, unflinchingly, yet lovingly at heart, do the terrible work set before us. Would that I was at home to take my share of sacrifice. Sooner or later, by some new birth, however agonizing, our glorious ideal of a Union of freemen will yet be a reality. That ideal is divine and immortal. But enough.

What you say of the British press is perfectly true. I have been as much rejoiced as surprised at the all but universal soundness of conscience and judgment, manifested alike in Parliament, in the papers and in conversation. I sent an article to *The Tribune* a few weeks since, which I hope they will find room for, on "How Secession looks from Great Britain." And by this mail I send you a *Saturday Review*, which will show you the tone of thoughtful men here. The *Daily News*, the *Globe*, the *Star*, etc., have behaved most nobly. So has the *Saturday Review* and other weeklies.

Yours in good hope, W. H. CHANNING.

THE BLACKS WANTED AT THE SOUTH.—It is assumed by many partially informed persons that the abolition of slavery in this country must necessarily be accompanied by the colonization of the emancipated blacks and the introduction of white laborers in their places. Abolitionists have ever regarded this idea as absurd, believing that the slaves, if set free, would be preferred to any class of white laborers that could be depended upon to take their place. Here is a paragraph from the Baltimore correspondence of *The Tribune*, which we commend to the attention of the colonizationists:

"Somebody has recently put forth a very crude letter, in my judgment, to Senator Andy Johnson, on the present state of public affairs, in which, among other ill-judged suggestions, the substitution of free white labor for slave labor is urged upon Tennessee and other border slave States, as the only road to prosperity and national happiness. I notice, of late, that our philanthropists are more than usually given to harping upon this string. Do they not know that, in this thing, they run counter to our strongest prejudices? It is the very thing we do not want. If we are to have a change in our system of labor, upon this great scale, we want to retain our negro population, infinitely preferring free black labor to free white labor. In this respect, our prejudices are quite as strong in favor of free black labor, as those of the free States are against it. The negro is native to our soil, and by the labor of nearly 200 years, the race is entitled to a home upon it, whether it be slave or free, and more especially if free. Our 90,000 free negro laborers in this State are quite as well off, and much more to our liking, than the same number of Irish and German laborers would be. And if ever emancipation should take place in the slave States, the present master race will never consent, in my opinion, to the removal of the emancipated."

THE PRO-SLAVERY DEPARTMENT, always worthy of careful attention, is this week filled with matter of more than usual significance. The extracts from Spratt's Letter, Stephens's Speech, and De Bow's Review (a work of high authority at the South), make such an exhibition of the spirit of slavery and the logic of its champions as we have rarely witnessed. No reader should miss a single line of it all.

A MEMORIAL.

ON Friday, December 7, 1860, the car which, but a short time before, had borne the festive escort of the Prince of Wales through the heart of Massachusetts, stood waiting to receive a funeral company. Slowly gathered within its courtly shelter the gray-haired woman, the bent and trembling man, the popular preacher, fresh from a European tour, the faithful workers in a despised cause, and, as accident would have it, the orator whose lips are always moist with the dew of Hybla. A stranger, looking upon that gathering, not undistinguished even to the careless eye, would have wondered for whom they wept. Could it be for some high officer, some wise man grown old in the service of literature or the State?

They wore no formal mourning; no badge fluttered from the arm or waved from the hat of those whose darkened eyes and quivering lips bespoke hearts deeply touched. When the quiet car reached the old town of Worcester, however, it was no broad mansion-house that received the company; only a modest home, in a retired street; and it was round the coffin of a woman, still young, and whose worn features bore traces of great beauty, that they stood reverently uncovered.

The crowd of those who had assembled, in this inclement season, to do her honor, was too great for comfort. Soon the daylight was shut out from the wasted garment that the busy soul had worn threadbare; strong men lifted the heavy bier, "sad with the weight of thoughts," and after it trailed like a slackened thread the long procession. It was strange to see how many old men followed, and how their eyes moistened as they looked their last, and muttered, "There was never a stain on her."

As the procession entered the church, the lifted eye caught a glimpse of a flowery cross, hung high above the altar. Camellias and sweet tea-roses shadowed forth the outline, and this symbol of human love and agony was veiled by breezy sprays of white and green. Below, the coffin waited, but since the eye had last rested on it, the lid had grown sweet and dewy with unnumbered blossoms. According to the harmonies of the occasion and the season, only the green, which spoke of immortal hope—only the white roses and drooping heath, which bore witness to untouched innocence, struggled into light and beauty there. But so abundant was the floral offering, that it seemed impossible to believe that that coffin-lid was scarce an hour closed. It looked as if a season had passed, and this overspreading growth and fragrance were a silent witness to the life which had always been so sweet and radiant.

Mr. Shippen and Mr. Hale spoke words of measured tenderness above the speaking flowers. The choir chanted, and the hymn her own lips loved was sung; but every testimony seemed faint and unreal beside the flowers, which murmured prophetic to the end: "She was lovely, and we loved her," "We were dead, but are risen," till the clear music became audible above the creaking of the slow hearse, as it bore the body over the frozen ground. Strange that a *sable* pall should have floated from beneath that living crown! White draperies of Heaven, touched with a purple glory, how much more fitting!

The life which had passed on was a simple life, but it was one which the Unitarian cannot forget, which the friend of a trampled race is bound to commemorate.

MARIA L. RUSSELL was born in Boston, in October, 1822. While she was quite young, her father and mother moved back to Charlton, in Worcester County, which had been the birthplace of both. Her maternal grandfather, William P. Rider, was a man of some mark. He represented the town of Charlton in the Legislature for many years, and showed a lively interest in all religious meetings of a liberal stamp, never failing to attend such as were within his reach.

Very many of his traits his granddaughter inherited. At Charlton, she found such opportunities for education as country Academies and High Schools could furnish. Those who remember the brilliant eye and eager, questioning countenance of later years will not be surprised to hear that she always took the front rank as a scholar. She would have continued to do so, had she gone from the school to the college. In June, 1840, she married Abraham Firth, and removed to the little village of Clappville, a part of Leicester, about three miles from her early home. It is hardly possible to speak fitly of the departed without invading the sanctities of private life, and speaking of him who survives her. An Englishman by birth, from that strong-hearted district of Yorkshire which has given so many vigorous men and women to the world of letters, Mr. Firth, amid the pressure of crowding duties, has always been mindful of "those in bonds as bound with them." His Sabbath hours have been for years shared with the ignorant prisoner. He was in every respect a noble friend to the woman he married—the woman of whom it has been lately said that "a braver soul, a more affectionate and faithful wife and mother never lived. Her heart and hand were always open for the relief of the poor. Her sympathies were always at the command of the fugitive slave, and when the troubles began in Kansas, she worked for the cause of freedom beyond her strength. Her religion was genuine, and found its expression more in deeds than words."

During her seventeen years' residence in Clappville, Mrs. Firth was not only happy herself, but an overflowing fountain of happiness to others. Three children were born to her here, of whom two survive her. In this little village, Mr. Firth, the faithful friend of free speech, had built at his own expense a hall, where meetings of public interest could be held, where the Anti-Slavery teacher, the Temperance lecturer, and the Unitarian clergyman were alike welcome. It was in consequence of this, that Mrs. Firth became known to many of our faith, and her overflowing hospitality came like a benediction to many a wayfarer.

A peculiar delicacy of temperament, united to a vivid intellect, imparted a winning grace of demeanor, and gave her a rare sense of beauty and refinement, to find its natural expression in dress, manners, conversation and household adornment. Her childlike frankness and tender courtesy imparted their own peculiar charm to her fireside welcome.

It is just two years since the writer of this memorial first saw Mrs. Firth. Already the shadows had fallen over her which were in the end to shut out the sun from her life. A few weeks of rallying had given her friends hope that they might be dissipated altogether. She had lately removed from Clappville to Worcester. Her local attachments were very strong, and this removal wore upon her, to a degree she had not anticipated.

Deeply interested, notwithstanding her failing health, in the condition of the poor seamstresses about her, she undertook to inaugurate in Worcester a course of lectures relating to the interests of that suffering class. During her weeks of effort, the last of apparent health that this tender wife and mother was ever to know, she encountered many persons to whom she had hitherto been a stranger. Now that she is gone, we would gladly gather into one fragrant offering the blossoms of wit and humor, the offshoots of logic and womanly feeling, which made so attractive and winning every attempt of hers to conquer the prejudice and enlist the sympathy of the men of Worcester. "It is a pity," said one well-known banker, looking after her as she left his office, "that a woman so brilliant and beautiful, and who *seems so religious*, should be a woman's rights woman!"

The lectures found a hearty welcome, and in pursuance of her wish, a second course was given at the opening of the following winter. Not now, however, to kindle into sportive humor, or soften with gentle sympathy, those beautiful eyes, which felt already a hand heavy on their lids, which was to close them forever. She had been for a long time conscious of a sort of paralysis of the will. Her judgment stood, like a recording angel, apart from herself and her deeds, clear to see, and faithful to pronounce upon them, but powerless to control. This rare state of double consciousness probably finds its explanation in the remarkable degree of moral integrity which characterized her nature. She could look upon her own brain as on a broken tool, unfit for healthy uses. However we may solve the problem, no one on earth understood so well her true condition. At this time, on the 9th of December, 1859, she gave a minute analysis of her symptons, drawing all necessary inferences, and stating clearly what she had to apprehend. "In a year from this time," she said, "you will stand upon my grave. I can never be any better, and I pray that the struggle may not last long." The following twelve months fulfilled her sad prediction. She passed through the various stages of suffering which her unswerving instinct had foreseen, and on the 4th of December, 1860, dropped gently asleep, confessing, with her last words, that her married life had been the bright and perfect crown of her early hope.

On the 7th, we laid her in her coffin, and, on the 9th, all those who loved her might, in truth, stand above her well-won grave.

"That loss is common, will not make
Our own less bitter; rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break."

Boston, March, 1861. C. H. D.

MISS HOLLEY AT GHENT.

GHENT, N. Y., March 31, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SALLIE HOLLEY spoke in our anti-slavery meeting this afternoon. Our audiences are small, and composed mostly of young people, in whose hearts we hope to plant deeply the philosophy of the anti-slavery reform. Great good can be accomplished by establishing in every community a centre, humble though it be, for anti-slavery work. Miss Holley read of Christ's temptation in the wilderness, and spoke of it as the period in which he gave himself up entirely to the service of truth. From his unwearying, unreserved devotion to duty proceeded his surpassing spiritual power. From his life we should learn the lesson of implicit obedience to the voice of God in the soul.

Miss Holley then spoke of the character of the anti-slavery work. Abolitionists regard the human soul as of priceless value, so that were we to place in one scale of the balance the American government, all its political and religious organizations, and add thereto the sun, moon, and all the stars, and place in the other the feeblest Southern slave child, it would outweigh them all. In this proportion is the magnitude of the anti-slavery work.

The deeply religious spirit of her utterances leaves its impress upon her hearers, and opens their hearts to receive this glorious gospel of liberty.

Aaron M. Powell spoke briefly of the present aspect of national affairs—of the dissolution of the Union, expressing the hope and belief that it would never be reconstructed except upon the basis of impartial liberty. E. M. P.

EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.—The Imperial Edict emancipating all the serfs was issued on the 3d of March. The following is a summary of its provisions:

The proprietors of landed property preserve the right attached to the same.

The landed proprietors are, however, to cede to the peasants, for their permanent use, the dwellings, with the ground, which will be allotted to them anew by law, in consideration of the payment of dues. During this stage of things, which will form a transitory period, the peasants are to be designated "tributary peasants."

The peasants are permitted by law to purchase their dwellings, and, with the consent of the landlords, the land also.

The peasants will then become free landed proprietors.

This new order of things is to be carried out throughout the Empire within two years; and until then the peasants remain in their former state of dependence upon the landlords.

A Committee has been appointed at St. Petersburg for the uniform regulation of the affairs of the serfs. It will be presided over by the Grand Duke Constantine.

The Imperial Manifesto has produced a good impression at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Mrs. Martineau will probably give us in her next letter a clearer view of the subject than is afforded by these brief statements.

OLD VOLUMES OF THE STANDARD.—The attention of subscribers and friends is once more asked to the following call of our friend Mr. Webb, of Dublin. He has taken great pains to complete a file of THE STANDARD, for general use and reference; and with the aid of friends on this side the water, who have kindly responded to previous calls, has met with encouraging success. It is now hoped that the comparatively few remaining numbers, which are still wanting, will be speedily supplied; and our friends may be sure that they could not send them where they will be more useful.

Richard D. Webb, 176 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, requires the following numbers of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD to complete a file which he keeps for the convenience of reference by any who may apply to him for that purpose. His imperfect collection having been occasionally of use in this way, he is desirous to complete it, and any of the following numbers will be thankfully received if forwarded to the care of Rev. S. May, Jr., 221 Washington street, Boston; or to the Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Vol. 1—Nos. 2, 10, 13, 35 to 39, 41.
2—Nos. 11, 16, 22, 23.
5—No. 21.
6—No. 7.
7—No. 14
8—No. 12.
9—Nos. 27, 35, 36.
10—Nos. 1, 20.
11—Nos. 38, 39.
12—Nos. 4, 45.
13—Nos. 8, 11, 18, 20, 26, 45, 49, 51, 52.
14—Nos. 28, 34, 35, 42.
17—No. 27.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MISS HOSMER, by L. Maria Child, which fills so large a portion of the fourth page, will gratify and instruct all our readers. We thank Mrs. Child for sending us a revised copy for our columns, *The Ladies' Companion* not being among our exchanges.

EAST LEMPSTER.—Will the person who sent a subscription for THE STANDARD from East Lempster, send his name? He omitted to sign his name.

Summary.

"THE SABLE CLOUD," by Rev. Dr. Adams, is a pro-slavery book, and, I should judge, more detestable than the previous work of the detestable author. Will these pro-slavery priests ever get shovelled out of the way, so that chloride of zinc can be sprinkled over the places they now make offensive by their presence?—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.*

A GOOD HIT.—A New York letter-writer says that the Brooklyn people have hitherto refused to permit a theatre to be erected in their city. They have recently allowed, however, Edwin Booth to give tragic performances in the Academy of Music, *but only on such nights as Henry Ward Beecher's church is not open.*—*Richmond (Va.) Central Presbyterian.*

The Niagara Falls *Gazette* tells a story of two young ladies who were promenading along the street recently, when one of them slipped, and came down on the icy pavement, "like a thousand of brick." Jumping quickly up, she exclaimed, *sotto voce*, "Before another winter, I'll have a man to hang on to: see if I don't."

A JERSEYWOMAN AN INVENTOR.—A lady of Burlington, N. J., has patented a device for throwing reaping and mowing machines out of gear by means of the driver's seat. When the driver takes his seat, his weight throws the machine into gear; when he leaves his seat it is thrown out of gear. Many accidents have occurred from reaping and mowing machines when being driven to and from the field; this is intended to render these machines safe.

PRO-SLAVERY DOGGEREL.—Some small wit has been writing a pamphlet satire in doggerel on Gov. Andrew, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Whiting, Mr. Phillips and other prominent anti-slavery men. It bears the name of no publisher, and is shown around slily, in corners, like any other obscene publication. I have heard it attributed to Mr. Lunt, and the beastly malignity of it seems to favor this suggestion, but it contains several very fair hits which could not come from so fat-witted a person.—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.*

SOMETHING NEW.—The popular success of the male Christy Minstrels, as they must now be called for the sake of distinction, has led to the formation of a female troupe, who made their first appearance at Manchester (England) recently, to a very crowded audience. They are nine in number—one, however, occupying the post of accompanyist, in addition to the male conductor—are picturesquely dressed, and have their faces, arms, and hands blacked in the approved fashion.

A PATRIOTIC WOMAN.—The following is an extract from a letter written by the wife of a farmer in Columbia County, New York: "This giving up of Sumter is a dreadful thing. I feel like withdrawing from the Union of cowards at the North. There is no manhood left in it. The Southern opinion of us that we are a contemptible people, is nearly just. Like hens withdrawing from a cowardly rooster, we women ought to flee southward from our timid and mercenary lovers."

UNION CLUB IN CHARLESTON.—I am happy to be able to inform you that a Union Club was formed last evening. It will, of course, as a matter of necessity, be a secret society for the present. A large number were present, and each handed to the Chairman a list of names for which he was responsible. They are sworn at the first opportunity to render aid to the only government they acknowledge. I shall forward to you, and also to the government, the Constitution of this Society. It already comprises some good New Yorkers, New Englanders, a few Irishmen, and a good many Germans; and not an inconsiderable portion of them are doing duty upon the Palmetto Islands.—*Charleston Letter in The Tribune.*

SECESSION SOLDIERS.—This morning I had an interview with four soldiers who have escaped, who give the most horrible details as to the dirt and vermin with which the troops are infested, and fully corroborate all I have before said as to want of food and shelter. Two of the men I saw this morning have wives and children, who, but for an honest old Dutch shoemaker who is a strong Union man, must have perished from want. The two men have not received one cent of the thirty-three dollars now due to each of them, and have deserted for the purpose, if possible, of obtaining sufficient employment to prevent the death of their children from starvation, and I assure you these cases are not singular or extreme.—*Charleston Letter in The Tribune.*

BETTER THAN A PLAY.—This new organization (of Morse, Winslow, Bliss & Co.) for the defence of slavery at the North as a Christian institution should be welcomed. It will give employment to a class of theologians and politicians who are strangely out of sympathy with the people and the age they have fallen in upon, and will possibly divert them from more harmful employments. Besides, it will add to the stock of public fun. We can imagine nothing more suggestive of mirth than a public set-to between Garrison, Phillips and Pillsbury on the one part, and the "small army of talented lecturers" of the society of "national unity" on the other. It will be better than a play.—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.*

HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS is the sixth citizen of Massachusetts who has been selected as American Minister at the British Court. John Adams was the first minister to England after the peace of 1783. He was recognized by George III. in 1785. John Quincy Adams was the resident minister in 1815 and 1816. He returned early in 1817, to take the post of Secretary of State under Monroe, which office he held eight years. Mr. Everett was appointed minister to England in 1841, George Bancroft in 1846, and Abbott Lawrence in 1849. The newly-appointed minister was a lad of eight years when he accompanied his parents to England, and it has always been said that he was obliged to fight his English schoolfellows in defence of the honor of America. He will now defend that honor in a very different manner.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE NON-SLAVEHOLDERS WORSE THAN THE SLAVEHOLDERS.—The officious violence of the non-slaveholding pro-slavery men was exhibited in strong contrast with the moderation of the slaveholders in the late Secessional Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, sitting at Staunton. The most prominent and the fiercest of the Secession leaders and speakers were non-slaveholders—chiefly men whose thrift would never give them the possession of a slave. There sat on one bench in that Conference three Anne Arundel slaveholders, who owned between them 200 slaves, and did not care a fig for the obnoxious legislation of the General Conference, and yet they have been pitched out of the bosom of their mother Church, against their will, by the violence of men who not only own not a single slave, but some of whom cantingly boast that they would not own one if they could!—*Baltimore Letter to The Tribune.*

KIDNAPPING IN HAYTI.—Capt. Pelletier, of the American vessel William, has been detained by the Haytien authorities upon a charge, brought against him by a part of his crew, that he attempted to kidnap negroes from Hayti for the purpose of selling them in Cuba as slaves. A passenger swears that four passengers were abandoned by the captain at Grand Cayman. Five sailors swear that they were confined for the purpose of preventing their confessing the vessel's actual purpose. The carpenter swears he threw his tools overboard to avoid making a false deck that the captain ordered. Four sailors assert that the vessel was a slaver. The cook says the vessel was once seized by the American sloop-of-war Crusader, with four hundred and fifty slaves on board. A Haytien swears that the captain requested him to find fifty ablebodied men and six women to work on a neighboring guano island. And finally, handcuffs, with a large quantity of provisions, were found on board. Capt. Pelletier declares that he is innocent, but the circumstances are very much against him.

A WONDERFUL EVENT.—No event of our day has been half so wonderful as the one before us. Who, *a priori*, could have believed that, in the nineteenth century, a new State should be organized, by the grandsons of Englishmen, solely on the principle of preserving and extending a system of slavery! A more ignoble basis for a great Confederacy it is impossible to conceive, nor one in the long run more precarious. The permanent renunciation of sound principles and natural laws must in due time bring ruin. No great career can lie before the Southern States, bound together solely by the tie of having a working class of negro bondsmen. Assuredly it will be the Northern Confederacy, based on the principle of freedom, with a policy untainted by crime, with a free working class of white men, that will be the one to go on and prosper, and become the leader of the New World.—*London Saturday Review.*

DISTRIBUTION OF OFFICES.—So far Mr. Lincoln manages very shrewdly in his distribution of the offices. To-day it is Adams—to-morrow Burlingame. Sanford, a half-and-half, gets a mission abroad, and Giddings, the radical, a lucrative consulate. Seward appoints many of his friends to good places, and Chase does the same by many of his friends. Buchanan's policy of giving all the patronage to one wing of the party is not followed, and will not be. But the offices will be pretty fairly divided between every wing of the party. In this way the tendency will be to unite, though any party made up of so many intelligent and reflecting men as the Republican party enrols, will be liable to destruction at any time by a violation of its cardinal principles. The Republican organization will not stand the strain which has often been applied to the Democratic party, without dangerous results. That was a party without principles—the Republican party got its strength and power through its principles, and any abandonment of them smashes it up incontinently.—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.*

THE STORY OF MRS. BOTTSFORD.—The statement of Mrs. Catharine Bottsford, which appeared in your columns on Friday last [see STANDARD of last week], is substantially true. Its publication has made Charlestonians exceedingly angry. The only error, however, which they have discovered in it, relates to the Irishmen who were returning on the Columbia. They had come on several different vessels, and had been landed. Some were fools enough to throw discredit upon her statement on account of this error; but as to this matter, she could only know what was told her. As to her own experience and sufferings, she is a competent witness, and to any who may doubt the possibility of such proceedings, I will just say that I have carefully examined the case, and that Mrs. Bottsford does not, in one particular, overstate the truth, her own accusers being the witnesses. Not only are these facts admitted, but the course pursued toward her I have heard defended, even by her own sex. So utterly demoralizing is this system of human slavery, that it seems to obliterate all notions of right and wrong.—*Tribune Letter from Charleston.*

FEELINGS OF THE SLAVES.—I have, during the last six months, inquired into the general condition and feelings of the negro of this State, as well as in Georgia and Alabama, and I unhesitatingly assert that, when they attempt to force the United States government into a recognition of the robbery they have committed against it, from that moment their troubles will begin. They have an enemy in their own bosoms, which they will have to encounter and overcome. The moment they plunge into a civil war with their equals and superiors, that moment will commence a very uncivil war among their own slaves, at their own homes. Horrible as the sequel would be, whom have they to blame? They may bamboozle a stranger into the belief that the North has sown the discord now existing between master and servant, but they cannot so delude one who has seen the system and its workings. Founded upon fraud and deception, deception and alienation are its natural fruits; *they have only themselves to blame.*—*Tribune Letter from Charleston.*

SCHEMES OF THE TRAITORS.—A gentleman who was at Montgomery during most of the late session of the Jeff. Davis Congress, informs me that most extraordinary scenes occurred in the famous secret sessions. The obligation of secrecy has never been removed. The debates never have been and never will be published. Should a faithful report be published, I am assured the whole concern would be blown up. The designs, the motives, the expectations, which would be laid bare, would, I am assured, arouse the people to immediate rebellion. In time these designs will come out. One of them is to obtain possession of the entire Gulf, as they have obtained of the mouth of the Mississippi and the principal ports, either by inducing the Federal government to withdraw its fleet, or by a recognition of the new Confederacy. Systematic protection to the introduction of slave ships, and thereby the practical opening of the slave trade will follow. As the base of operations on Cuba and Mexico, the possession of the Gulf becomes extremely desirable, and the getting of it, you may rely, is a grand feature in the plans of Davis & Co.—*Charleston Letter in The Tribune.*

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—The Nashville (Tenn.) *Union* of the 26th ult., says: "Mr. W. C. Moore, who resides at Saundersville, in Sumner County, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, had recently purchased a plantation in Alabama, and was preparing to remove to it. All of his negroes except one expressed entire willingness to go, and it became necessary to use force with that one. Mr. Moore was handcuffing him for the purpose of sending him off with the rest of the negroes. The boy, it appears, had prepared himself for a murderous assault upon his master, as he had a knife concealed in his right sleeve, and, while the handcuff was being fastened upon his left arm, he made a lunge at Mr. Moore's throat, inflicting a terrible but not fatal wound, which he followed up with another stroke, cutting a deep gash upon his chin. By this time Mr. Saunders and the father of Mr. Moore came to his rescue, when the negro turned upon the former and commenced cutting him, and then upon the latter, cutting his throat from ear to ear, almost severing his head from his body, and killing him instantly. The alarm having been given, the people in the vicinity hastened to the bloody scene, and it was found necessary to shoot the negro three times before the knife could be got from him. He was then taken and hung immediately. It is thought the wound of the younger Moore will not prove fatal."

[The negro's reasons for resisting removal to Alabama are carefully concealed by the Nashville print. It is more than probable that he made a desperate stand in defence of his right to live with his wife and children, or other kindred.]

COMPROMISES AND THEIR FRUITS.—The Rev. Mr. Conway, in a sermon on Compromises, delivered in Cincinnati on the 24th ult., made the following forcible illustration:

"We hear much now-a-days of compromises. We are called on, in the name of patriotism, to remember that the Constitution of our country was a compromise. Unfortunately, it was; and to-day we reap the harvest of such seed; to-day we may read, unless secession has robbed us of self-possession, that those who begin with the compromise of principle have given themselves to the toils of a glittering, bright-eyed, golden-scaled serpent, which must inevitably crush them at last. See, before you, Americans! the consequences of a compromise proposed and accepted, in the weakness, dissolution and death whereinto the nation is plunged from the graceful eddies and whirls of compromise!

"Now, let us turn into the past and consider an instance and lesson of another kind; an instance of a compromise proposed and rejected, and the consequences of the same. Here is the *compromise proposed*:

"'The Devil taketh him into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

We scarce could doubt our Father's power,
Though his greatness were untold
In the sacred record made for us
By the prophet-bards of old.

We must have felt his watchfulness
About us everywhere;
Though we had not learned, in that Holy Word,
How he keeps us in his care.

I almost think we should know his love,
And dream of his pardoning grace,
If we never had read how the Saviour came,
To die for a sinful race.

For the sweetest parables of truth
In our daily pathway lie,
And we read, without interpreter,
The writing on the sky.

The ravens, fed when they clamor, teach
The human heart to trust;
And the rain of goodness speaks, as it falls
On the unjust and the just.

The sunshine drops, like a sheet of gold,
From the book of light above;
And the lily's missal is written full
Of the words of a Father's love.

So when we turn from the sacred page
Where the holy record lies,
And its gracious plans and promises
Are hidden from our eyes;

One open volume still is ours,
To read and understand;
And its living characters are writ
By our Father's loving hand!

HARRIET E. HOSMER.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

I WAS next door neighbor to Dr. Hosmer, when he first established himself as a physician, in Watertown, and the acquaintance then formed has since continued. As I make this sketch with his knowledge and sanction, its correctness may be relied upon, so far as facts are concerned.

HARRIET E. HOSMER was born in Watertown, Massachusetts, October 9, 1831. From both father and mother she inherited perseverance and strong will. As soon as she was able to run about, her fearless independence and pertinacity of purpose were observable. When she first began to go in the street she was usually accompanied by an exceedingly small black dog, which she covered all over with little bells. Even then she attracted notice by her erect figure, straightforward walk, and earnest attention to whatever was going on. She received many a smiling salutation as she passed; and to questions asked about herself or dog, she always had a frank and ready answer.

When she was four years old her mother died of consumption, and eight years later her only sister fell a victim to the same fatal disease. This great sorrow of her childhood had a very important and uncalculated influence on her future character and prospects. Her father, in the course of his extensive medical practice, had seen multiplied and most lamentable instances of children, especially girls, enfeebled by in-door occupations and excessive study. He was accustomed to say, "There is a whole lifetime for the education of the *mind*, but the *body* develops in a few years; and, during that time, nothing should be allowed to interfere with its free and healthy growth." To this rational conviction, resulting from medical experience, was added an anxious precaution, produced by the early death of his wife and eldest daughter. Harriet was now his only child; and it became almost his sole object to make her body strong enough for the mind to work freely in. He bought her a horse, a boat, bow and arrows, and skates, and told her to live "all out-doors"; a prescription extremely pleasant to her free and fearless nature. So, with none to molest or make her afraid, the happy child galloped over hill and dale, rowed her boat amid whirling currents, swam in deep waters, and skated for hours together, in the keen, wintry air.

At school she was an intractable pupil, and made small progress of the kind by which good marks and medals are won; nevertheless her mental powers were being developed in a healthy way, by processes of her own. Machinery of any kind always excited her curiosity, and drew from her many questions; and the knowledge of mechanical laws, thus obtained, was soon manifested in various little contrivances for her own use or amusement; while the clay-pit, near the house, furnished her with material for modelling images of horses, dogs, and other creatures.

But while her mind was expanding by these unfettered exercises of thought, and her muscular system was acquiring strength and elasticity, by pursuits usually considered appropriate for boys only, some slight disadvantages resulted from the novel system. She was as wild as a colt on the prairies, and as tricksy as Puck. In character and manners she was, in fact, just like a brave, roguish boy. In a boy, her fearlessness and fun would have been admired, and quoted as proofs of intelligence and spirit. But girls are to be

> "Ground down enough
> To flatten and bake into a wholesome crust,
> For household uses and proprieties."

The angels saw in her only a soul that was growing in a natural, healthy way, like the free development of flower or tree.

It cannot be denied that, at this period of her life, she was active and frolicsome to a degree quite inconvenient to others. But those who knew her well loved her dearly, and strove to soften harsh criticisms by saying, "There is never any immodesty in her fearlessness, nor any malice in her fun." Her father waited for the sobering effects of time with such patience as he could, and meanwhile gave frequent exhortations to amendment. At last, one of her freaks gave so much offence, that it became necessary to put a check upon her thoughtlessness. Dr. Morse, of Watertown, had lived to an extreme old age, and people often asked, "Is Dr. Morse living yet?" I do not know in what droll aspect this circumstance presented itself to her merry young soul. Perhaps she was curious to hear what people would say when the old patriarch departed. Whatever might be the motive, she wrote a notice of his sudden death, and sent it privately to a Boston newspaper. Relatives and friends of the supposed deceased hastened to Watertown to attend the funeral, and were, of course, much annoyed by the hoax. Notwithstanding her precautions, the mischief was traced to her, and her father, mortified and perplexed, resolved to place her somewhere to be brought under control. Mrs. Sedgwick's school, at Lenox, was recommended to him, and he immediately applied for his daughter's admission. He frankly stated, at the outset, that teachers had hitherto found her difficult to manage. Mrs. Sedgwick made minute inquiries to ascertain her peculiarities and the leading qualities of her head and heart. Having learned them all, she smiled, and said, "I have the reputation of knowing how to train wild colts, and I will try this one." Harriet was accordingly sent to Lenox, at the commencement of 1847.

But there was no diminution of her love of out-door exercises. In consigning her to the care of Mrs. Sedgwick, Dr. Hosmer had expressly enjoined attention to physical education as of paramount importance. Indeed, the reputation of the school in that respect had been one of his greatest inducements to place her there. The girls were generally trained to athletic exercises; but for riding, leaping, shooting, skating, climbing trees, and other similar performances, Harriet was the wonder of them all. There is no end to the anecdotes her schoolmates tell, to illustrate her agility and strength.

Catherine Sedgwick, the distinguished writer and excellent woman, was an inmate of her brother's household, and took great interest in the pupils. Mrs. Fanny Kemble spent the summers at Lenox, and being an intimate friend of the Sedgwicks, Harriet had frequent opportunities to hear her reading and conversation.

For three years, at the most impressible period of her life, she lived amid the magnificent scenery of Berkshire, riding and roaming through all places, accessible and inaccessible; gazing with a poet's eye on the evening star, glimmering on the dark forehead of the ancient hills; on the rising and setting of the glorious sun; on the grand old trees, veiled in solemn moonlight; familiar with the haunts of all the little woodland creatures; like a true artist, observant of all the forms of things, except conventional forms; cementing friendships with charming young girls; and in constant intercourse with intellects of a high order. It is not without reason that her father attributes her subsequent success largely to those Berkshire influences, so healthy to mind and body; or, rather, to body and mind, as he would say, according to the tendency of physicians.

When she returned home in the autumn of 1849, a marked improvement was observed by all who had previously known her; but the naturalness of her character was in no way injured by the process. If she had lost the charming raciness of her individuality, improvement would have been bought at too high a price. There is much wisdom in the saying of an old woman from the country. Visiting the city in her old age, she came in contact with people who were discussing various theories of education. She listened attentively, and, when her opinion was asked, replied, "Well, I never heerd so much *talk* about edication afore; but I reckon about the best thing to do is jest to catch Natur, wash her face, comb her hair, and let her run." In Miss Hosmer's case, where nature was originally strong and noble, honest and kindly, this process has assuredly worked well.

With regard to the physical education, which her father had so much at heart, he had abundant reason to be satisfied when she returned to him. As a pedestrian, she could outwalk an Englishwoman, or even an Indian tramper. With gun, or pistol, her aim was as sure as a rifleman's. On horseback, she often amused herself with riding at full speed, lying backward, or forward, or standing upright in the stirrup. It was a great pleasure to her father to go out in the boat with her, and see how skilfully she managed it among contending currents. When they came to deep water, she would assume her bathing dress and plunge into the stream; sometimes swimming so far under water that nothing was visible but the rippling wake she left behind her; sometimes revolving in all manner of evolutions, with the suppleness and agility of a water nymph or a South Sea islander.

But mere amusement of any kind could not long satisfy her—she had come into the world to *do* something. This she had shown in her walk and her ways, even at four years old, when she and her little tinkling dog attracted attention in the street; and it had subsequently manifested itself in multiplied forms of ingenuity and labor. Now she must begin to *work;* and, following what she felt to be her vocation, she entered the studio of Mr. Stephenson, of Boston, to take lessons in modelling. A very pretty bust of a child was the first thing she completed under his direction, and a spirited little head of Byron, done in wax, was, I believe, made at nearly the same period.

Aware of the great importance of accurate anatomical knowledge, for the purposes of sculpture, she had learned all that she could from her father, and from books. But in order to perfect her education in that branch of the art, she desired to see the muscular system analyzed in the dissecting-room. It had once been proposed to the Boston Medical College to admit a woman to its course of lectures, and the request had not been granted. The free young West was less scrupulous about infringing upon old customs. At Lenox she had formed an intimate friendship with the daughter of Mr. Wayman Crow, a wealthy and liberal citizen of St. Louis. She had been urgently invited to spend some months with her friend, and it occurred to her that she might combine with the visit facilities for anatomical investigation, not likely to be obtained in the neighborhood. She accordingly went to St. Louis, in the autumn of 1850, and remained eight or nine months in Mr. Crow's family, with all of whom she became a great favorite. The medical school in that city furnished her the opportunity she desired of witnessing a dissection of the human frame. She thus received very efficient aid from the anatomical lectures and oral instructions of Professor M'Dowell, with whom both Clevenger and Powers had studied the science of anatomy. There were, of course, some who considered this a very eccentric proceeding for a young lady; but these things are matters of custom, and, in a progressive state of society, customs are always changing. Asiatics think it shamefully immodest, and even dangerous, for a woman to appear abroad with her face uncovered; but intercourse with Europeans gradually teaches them that women may be allowed to breathe God's free air, without committing or causing crime. Europeans have further steps to take in social progress. They must learn that no harm comes of allowing the *souls* of women to breathe free air. I feel personal gratitude to Florence Nightingale, Harriet Martineau, Rosa Bonheur, Harriet Hosmer, and all other women who, by following noble impulses, unrestrained by mere conventional rules, prove woman's *right* to do whatever she can do *well*.

It is honorable to the medical students in St. Louis, that they made no attempt to throw obstacles in the way of the young lady's pursuit of knowledge. I do not think this resulted from fear of the pistol she was known to carry; though certainly it would not have redounded to their credit to be shot by a young girl, even in that duelling region. The fact is, a frank, modest, direct soul, unconscious of anything vile, is clad in an armor by its complete absorption in lofty aims; while the prudish observer of conventionalities lays herself open to attack, by the very fact that her mind is obviously occupied with the dangers she has been instructed to avoid.

At the West, as elsewhere, Miss Hosmer excited remark by her disregard of customs, in her earnest pursuit of whatever object she had in view. But there, as elsewhere, those who knew how to discriminate characters readily perceived that she never did anything for the sake of notoriety, and that her boldness was unstained by any tinge of immodesty. Not expecting to visit the West again, she availed herself of every opportunity to see the country. She went up and down the Mississippi, visiting New Orleans, the Falls of St. Anthony, and other places, attended or unattended by friends, as happened to be convenient. She had a very interesting interview with the Dacotah Indians, and smoked the pipe of peace with their chief. At Dubuque she came near losing her life by an accident, while descending into the lead mines in a bucket. At the Falls of St. Anthony, her attention was attracted by a high, steep bluff. It was considered inaccessible, and therefore she wished to climb it. "If you will," said the captain of the boat, "I will engage it shall be named for you." He laughed as he spoke, not dreaming she would attempt it. But, to the astonishment of all who saw her, she went up the bluff, with the fearless agility of a chamois-hunter on the Alps, and waved her handkerchief from the summit.

From that happy winter and those exciting adventures she returned home to plunge into her favorite pursuit with redoubled ardor. Her indulgent father fitted up a neat little studio in his garden, which she, in her facetious way, was accustomed to call her "shop." There her mechanical ingenuity and handicraft manifested themselves in various contrivances; and in this new studio Harriet began to work in marble. Her first attempt was a reduced copy of Canova's bust of Napoleon, which she presented to her father. It is an excellent likeness, and the workmanship is extremely well done.

Not long afterward she began to embody an ideal of her own, called Hesper. In this case, as with the bust of Napoleon, she did every stroke of the work with her own small hands, except knocking off the corners of the block of marble. She employed a man to do that; but, as he was unused to work for sculptors, she did not venture to have him approach within several inches of the surface she intended to cut. Slight girl as she was, she wielded, for eight or ten hours a day, a leaden mallet, weighing four pounds and a half. Had it not been for the strength and flexibility of muscle, acquired by rowing and other athletic exercises, such arduous labor would have been impossible.

In the summer of 1852, Dr. Hosmer invited me to Watertown, to see the bust of Hesper, then recently finished. I shall never forget that visit to the little studio in the garden. I was completely taken by surprise. I expected to see skilful workmanship, but I was not prepared for such a poetic conception. While the impression it made upon me was still fresh, I conveyed it to *The New York Tribune*, in an anonymous letter, entitled, "A New Star in the Arts," from which I make the following extract: "This beautiful production of Miss Hosmer's hand and soul has the face of a lovely maiden gently falling asleep to the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged and intertwined with capsules of the poppy. A polished star gleams on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The hush of evening breathes from the serene countenance and the heavily drooping eyelids. I felt tranquillized while looking at it, as I do when the rosy clouds are fading into gray twilight, and the pale moon-sickle descends slowly behind the dim woods. The mechanical execution of this bust seemed to me worthy of its lovely and life-like expression. The swell of cheek and breast is like pure, young, healthy flesh; and the muscles of the beautiful mouth are so delicately cut, that it seems like a thing that breathes." Miss Hosmer presented this second production of her chisel to her friend, Miss Coolidge, of Boston.

Not far from this period she cut in marble, from a bust by Clevenger, a medallion likeness of her friend, Dr. M'Dowell, of St. Louis, and presented it, in token of gratitude for his kind instruction.

Soon after the Hesper was completed, Miss Charlotte Cushman, who had long been absent from her native country, made a dramatic tour through the United States. With her ready appreciation of talent in every form, she was naturally attracted toward the young sculptor, in Watertown. The desire to visit Rome, which unavoidably rises in the heart of every artist, and a desire which our young friend had long cherished, was kindled into a flame by Miss Cushman's representations; and it was soon settled that Dr. Hosmer and his daughter should meet her in Paris, in the autumn of 1852. A week before her departure, Harriet came on horseback to bid me farewell. She told me her father intended to return soon to his professional duties in America, but would leave her in Italy. I said, "Shall you never be homesick for your museum-parlor in Watertown, and your chamber, with such a pleasant look-out on Charles river, where you used to row your boat in summer, and skate in winter? Do you think you can be contented in a foreign land?" "I can be happy *anywhere*, with good health and a bit of marble," she replied; and springing into her saddle, she dashed away, and I lost sight of her among the trees.

She took with her to Rome a diploma from Dr. M'Dowell, certifying the correctness of her anatomical knowledge; and two daguerreotypes of Hesper. Her highest ambition was to be received as the pupil of Mr. Gibson, the celebrated English sculptor, and the acknowledged head of art in Rome. But there was great doubt whether he would receive her. He had, of course, numerous applications, and lady pupils, by their want of perseverance, had excited some prejudice among the artists in Rome. But the infinite advantages arising from the instructions of such a master outweighed in her mind the disappointment of a refusal. It was worth the trial. Accordingly, a friendly young sculptor placed the daguerreotypes in Mr. Gibson's hands, and told him somewhat of Miss Hosmer's history, character, and purposes. He listened in silence, looking intently, meanwhile, on the likenesses of Hesper. Then, closing the cases, he said, "Send the young lady to me—whatever I can teach her she shall learn."

When Dr. Hosmer went to the Via Fontanella to introduce his daughter, they passed through a large room, filled with renowned productions of Mr. Gibson's chisel; crossed a beautiful little garden, fragrant with orange trees, and embellished by a fountain that sprinkled ferns in a shady nook; and entering another door, they ascended a steep flight of stairs, which brought them to a small studio lighted by a large arched window. Mr. Gibson said he had appropriated this pleasant room to the use of his young lady pupil. There she has pursued her artistic labors ever since, time only cementing the cordial friendship which soon grew up between them.

Her unwearied diligence and perseverance attracted the master's notice and approbation at the very outset. She commenced her apprenticeship by copying some of the master-pieces of ancient art. The superb head of the Venus of Milo first tested her capabilities in that line, and this was afterward followed by the Cupid of Praxiteles and the beautiful Tasso of the British Museum.

To have confined herself to the studio would have been an unsafe proceeding for one whose constitution was naturally delicate, and whose previous habits had been so extremely active. In conformity with the parting instructions of her father, and with her own inclinations, she took a great deal of exercise on horseback. Her fearless riding attracted attention; and Americans—more afraid than any other people of offending against conventional rules—hastened to inform her that it was not the custom in Italy for ladies to ride alone. But she had not conquered so many difficulties to be conquered by a custom; so she went dashing about the environs of Rome as often as her health or pleasure required, and when the novelty had passed away people ceased to talk about it. There is a report that when the American *Chargé d'Affaires* proposed to protect her on these excursions, she thanked him for his politeness, and playfully made him the same offer.

Before long she began to embody ideals of her own. The first was a head of Daphne, the nymph who was changed to laurel when pursued by Apollo. Her next was a head of Medusa, representing her as the beautiful maiden she originally was, and not as the frightful Gorgon. Both these works were finished with exquisite delicacy, and Mr. Gibson wrote: "These busts do her great honor." They were ordered by the late Samuel Appleton, of Boston, always a liberal patron of the fine arts, and on their arrival, in the autumn of 1853, they were publicly exhibited. A copy of the Daphne was subsequently made by Miss Hosmer for her friend, Mr. Crow, of St. Louis, and the Medusa has been often repeated; two copies being in England, in the possession of the Duchess of St. Albans and Lady Marian Alford.

In the summer of 1854 Mr. Gibson wrote to Dr. Hosmer: "Your daughter's industry continues unabated; and she makes progress in her profession, for her last model is her best. It is really a fine work, and would do credit to many a sculptor in Rome. We have here now one of the greatest sculptors of the age, Rauch, of Berlin, seventy-seven years of age. He came to my studio, and staid a considerable time. Your daughter was absent, but I showed him all she had done, including a small sketch-model for a statue life-size. Rauch was much struck and pleased with her works, and expressed his opinion that she would become a clever sculptor. He inquired her age, and wrote her name in his pocket-book. So now you have the opinion of one of the greatest living sculptors concerning your daughter's merit."

The "sketch-model" to which Mr. Gibson alludes, and which he pronounces "well composed," was Miss Hosmer's first attempt to make an entire statue. It represents Ænone, the shepherd wife, whom Paris deserted for the beautiful Helen. When finished in marble this lovely and graceful figure was sent, in the summer of 1855, to Mr. Crow, of St. Louis, her munificent patron and "best friend," as she styles him, who had given her her first important commission. It was so much admired in St. Louis, that the Mercantile Library, where, by the courtesy of Mr. Crow it was placed, soon sent an order for another statue from the same hand.

In the summer of 1856 there arrived in Boston a small statue of Puck, ordered by Mr. Samuel Hooper, of that city. This statue is extremely popular. Several copies have been ordered in this country, and three in England: one by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, another by the Duke of Hamilton, and the third by the Earl of Portarlington.

About this time occurred the death of a lovely daughter of Madame Falconnet, an English lady, then resident in Rome. Being a Roman Catholic, she obtained the permission, now rarely granted, to erect a monument to her memory in one of the churches. Madame Falconnet was so much pleased with Miss Hosmer's productions, that she chose her to be the sculptor; and this flattering opportunity to have one of her works remain permanently in Rome, the first afforded to any English or American sculptor, was extremely gratifying to the aspiring young artist. She made the clay model in the winter of 1857.

The same year she finished in marble a life-size statue of Beatrice Cenci, sleeping in her cell the morning previous to her execution. This is universally considered the best work she has yet produced. It is said that when Mr. Gibson saw it completed, he remarked, "I can teach her nothing." After being exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it had a place of honor, and where many encomiums were lavished upon it, as well as in some of our principal cities, it was sent to the Mercantile Library in St. Louis, in fulfilment of the commission already alluded to, where it is regarded as one of the greatest ornaments of the city.

Miss Hosmer herself arrived in Boston a few days before the Cenci, after an absence of five years. But neither the attentions lavished upon her in Italy and England, nor the compliments that greeted her on her return home, appeared to produce any injurious change in her character. I was delighted to find her the same frank, unaffected child who parted from me on that summer evening. Contact with society had softened her manner, but she was still earnest and direct. Her vivaciousness was so contagious, that she renewed my youth, and made *me* also believe in the possibility of accomplishing great things. But her confidence in herself was modest. There was no tinge of pretension to mar the beauty of her enthusiasm for art. She was not satisfied with what she *had* done, but was always aiming at something better; and I found that she was more desirous for discriminating criticism than for wholesale praise.

Though still young in years, her medium height and slender figure make her seem younger than she is. Her face is more genial and pleasant than her likenesses indicate; especially when engaged in conversation, its resolute earnestness lights up with gleams of humor. She looks as she *is;* lively, frank and reliable. In dress and manners she seemed to me a charming hybrid between an energetic young lady and a modest lad. Her ample silken skirt was womanly, but the closely-fitting basque of black velvet was buttoned nearly to the throat, like a vest, and showed a shirt-bosom and simple linen collar. It had pockets, into which she occasionally thrust her hands, as boys are wont to do, and she carried her spirited head with a manly air. Her broad forehead was partially shaded with short, thick, brown curls, which she often tossed aside with her fingers, as lads do. When she saluted me from the chaise, she touched the front of her hat and raised it from her head in gentlemanly fashion. When I praised the picturesque effect of the hat with its drooping plume, she answered, carelessly, "Oh, it's merely a lady's riding hat—I've not worn a bonnet these five years."

Never occupying herself with trifles, she passed directly to a description of a fountain she had modelled before she left Rome; the conception of which seemed to me extremely poetical. It is intended to represent Hylas going for water, and carried away by the water-nymphs. From a double basin supported by swans rises a pyramid, on which the handsome youth is standing. The enamored nymphs are circling round the base, extending their arms toward him, as if to draw him down into the basin, where spouting dolphins form a pool.

During her visit to America her mind was almost constantly occupied with planning a large statue of Zenobia in chains, as she appeared in the triumphal procession of the Emperor Aurelian. She had made a sketch, and seemed in a hurry to get back to Rome and model it. Meanwhile, she searched libraries, and read everything that could be found concerning that great Queen of the East.

After her return to Rome she cut in marble the monument she had previously modelled. It represents a young maiden lying on a sarcophagus, sleeping the last sleep. The likeness is said to be extremely well preserved, and in all respects it gave great satisfaction to the relatives of the deceased. Mr. Layard, of Nineveh celebrity, after seeing this monument in the church of San Andrea delle Fratte, wrote as follows to Madame Falconnet: "I think you may rest fully satisfied with Miss Hosmer's success. It exceeds any expectations I had formed. The unaffected simplicity and tender feeling displayed in the treatment is all that could be desired for such a subject, and cannot fail to touch the most casual observer. I scarcely remember ever to have seen a monument which more completely commanded my sympathy and more deeply interested me. I really know of none, of modern days, which I would sooner have placed over the remains of one who had been dear to me. Do not believe this is exaggerated praise. I faithfully convey to you the impression made upon me. I attribute this impression not more to the artistic merit of the work than to the complete absence of all affectation, to the simple truthfulness and genuine feeling of the monument itself. Mr. Gibson accompanied me on one of my visits, and the opinion he expressed was quite in accordance with my own; and he is not a man to give praise which is not deserved."

Since Miss Hosmer's return to Rome she has modelled a small statue, called Will-o'-the-Wisp, intended as a mate for Puck, which is in the possession of Mrs. George Lee, of Boston. But her great labor has been the statue of Zenobia, of heroic size, and of which the clay model is completed. Her motto is "Excelsior," and, judging from a photograph I have seen, this statue will give a great impetus to her increasing reputation. The massive folds of rich drapery are admirably arranged; the beautiful face is calm and proud, and the whole expression is that of regal majesty, self-sustained under the pressure of adverse fate. It was this statue which secured to her the honor of being admitted as a member of the Academy of the Quirite in Rome.

The Legislature of Missouri recently voted to erect a statue to the Hon. Thomas Benton; and though there were several competitors, Harriet Hosmer was the artist selected to execute the work. This would be a very flattering compliment to any sculptor, who had devoted so few years to the perfection of his art. She felt it to be so, and, in a very manly letter, thanking the committee for the honor they had conferred, she says: "Your kindness will now afford me ample opportunity of proving to what rank I am really entitled as an artist, unsheltered by the critic's broad wings of compassion for the sex; for this work must be, as we understand the term, a *manly* work, and hence its merit alone must be my defence against the attacks of those who stand ready to resist any encroachments upon their self-appropriated sphere."

Some persons express the opinion that Miss Hosmer attracts so much attention mainly because her career is extraordinary for a woman. A young sculptor once said to me, "There are a dozen young men in Italy who make better statues than she does, without attracting a tenth part of the notice." But I observed a degree of pique in his tone, which mediocrity is not apt to excite. Undoubtedly, great attainments are more interesting in a woman; and they *ought* to be, on account of the disadvantages of her position, which it requires great strength of individual character to overcome. But it should be remembered that a successful woman excites more envy and jealousy than a man whose career is similar. If some are prone to overrate her, others are quite as eager to exaggerate all her defects, whether as lady or artist. My own impression is that Harriet Hosmer's productions can stand on their own merits, and need no allowance on account of her being a woman.

For the convenience of referring to her father, when I am in doubt about any fact, I am writing this sketch in the museum-parlor, which she fitted up, and which all the family considered peculiarly her own. I dip my pen in the inkstand she made, years ago, of a seagull's egg, and the body of a beautiful kingfisher, that she shot in one of her rambles. By my side is the crow's nest she captured, after climbing a tree forty feet high, now mounted on a pretty rustic stand of her own manufacture. Under the window stands the skeleton of a cat which she prepared. In a glass case are any quantity of beetles and butterflies, mostly caught by herself and her sister. Birds, of various size and plumage, killed and stuffed by herself, are perched about in every nook and corner; piles of nests, with eggs in them, testifying her love for natural history. In a recess stands the long Indian pipe she smoked with the Dacotah chief. Among the minerals is the lead-ore she brought up in a bucket from the mines of Dubuque. The walls are decorated with sketches, on which she tried her hand at painting. Her first efforts in plaster are scattered about the room; several of them likenesses of the hands of her school-mates at Lenox. On the piano lie photographs of her various works in marble; busts, monuments, medallions, and statues. Among them is a daguerreotype of herself, with the blouse and artist's cap, which she wears while at work in her Roman studio.

I looked into the little "shop" in the garden, where the bust of Hesper formerly refreshed my eyes with the mild beauty of the evening star. On the walls is a copy of the Royal Exchange, which she made when a school-girl. Various little models and tools are on the work-bench, where she used them, and a pile of dried clay is in the corner. Her father is unwilling to have the places of any of these articles changed. To him they all suggest incidents in the history of his remarkable child. These memorials of her industry, ingenuity and genius, fill me with a saddened pleasure; for though I know she is alive, and very much alive, she is so far away from her native land, that these echoes from the past seem like voices of the dead.—*Cincinnati Ladies' Repository.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

[The open connivance of the Mayor and other city officials with mobs, organized to break up anti-slavery meetings in Boston, induced a large number of citizens to appeal to the Legislature to place the Police of that city under the control of a Commission appointed by the Commonwealth, in accordance with the example lately set by the Legislature of this State in regard to the Police of New York. The Legislature referred the subject to a Committee, empowered to make all needful investigations and to hear the arguments of the petitioners and of those who might be opposed to granting their prayer. WENDELL PHILLIPS appeared before the Committee, in the Representatives Hall, on the 22d ult., to plead the cause of the petitioners. His address appeared at length in *The Liberator* of last week. The topic is, to a certain extent, local, and many of Mr. Phillips's illustrations are necessarily of the same character; but the following extracts are of universal interest and importance.]

WE all know what the value of free speech is. I shall not, certainly, waste your time by endeavoring to describe it. Think it not presumptuous in us to put ourselves forward as champions of such an undoubted right, or strange that its defence should fall into our hands. Macaulay says, "Even in England, where the multitude have long been better informed than in any other part of Europe, the rights of the many have generally been asserted *against themselves* by the patriotism of the few." But let me, at least, remind you, that "the noblest human work—nobler, even, than literature and science—is broad, civil liberty, well secured and wisely handled"; that "liberty is where, though the majority rule, the minority are protected against both the masses and the government"; that no people are really free who have not learned to bear with each other; that toleration is the test of faith—since that man does not really believe his own opinions who dares not listen to his opponent. Your Federal Constitution was not willing to leave *free speech* to the general provision that Congress should have no powers not specially given, and omitting the right to control it from its list of powers, but by special amendment secured *free speech* from the touch of government. Such is the right whose protection we claim.

My friend who sits at my left [Mr. Healy] says that a great deal of argument and declamation may be expended upon the subject of free speech, but that there are certain limits to free speech. Nobody denies it. "A man has no legal right to blaspheme," he says. Granted. "A man has no legal right to slander his neighbor." Grant that. "A man has no legal right, in any sense, to insult his neighbor." Grant that, also. The question does not lie there; and I mention it thus early in my argument, because it is the kernel of the whole discussion between us. My friend, the city attorney, said also, that Col. Sargent, in that very honorable interview—honorable to him—which he had with the Mayor, undertook to show what other people should think and ought not to think. Col. Sargent has that right; I do not deny it to him. I have a right to my own opinion as to what Col. Sargent ought to think and ought not to think. The Mayor has a perfect right to decide for himself what I ought to think and ought not to think—no doubt of that. The question lies a step beyond that. My friend, the city attorney, says I have no right to blaspheme: and he went on to add, if I do, I can be indicted. Ah! that is just it; I want to be indicted, but I don't want to be judged and crushed by a Mayor. I claim to see the face of a judge; I want to know the law which I have violated. That was the difference between Col. Sargent and the Mayor in that interview which they had. Col. Sargent thought that certain persons ought not to think as they were thinking. Very well. What did he propose to do? Nothing. He proposed to leave them think. The Mayor proposed to go and shut up their hall, and let them be mobbed, and help mob them. My friend [Mr. Healy] said, in criticising the meeting at the Music Hall, in which I spoke, and was hissed, that he hoped we allowed their right "to hiss"—that the day had not come here, in Boston, when a man had not "a right to his opinion, and a right to express it." That day has got here, and will remain here, as long as Mayor Wightman holds his office. It has got here; it came on the first of January; and that is just the question for this Committee—whether the time *has* come when a man cannot have a right to express his opinion, and how long that time shall last. I allow, gentlemen, all the limits to free speech—all the limits that any honorable man, thoughtful man, sane man, can claim—no doubt of them; but the question is, *what tribunal is to decide the limits.* We say it is the judges; we say it is a jury of twelve men. Four hundred years of English history have put a jury of twelve men between me and my rights and the government. This Mayor juggles them out of the way. That is my complaint against him. I want to see a judge and jury; an indictment—that is all I ask; all I ask on the ground of free speech. But you will perceive that this interview between Col. Sargent and Mr. Mayor is an interview in which the Mayor says, that if he had heard me criticise the Mayors of Boston, he should have locked me up. Indeed! are the Mayors of Boston the only sacred and intangible functionaries in the Commonwealth? Is every man who undertakes to say that a Mayor is a bad one to be locked up, and only those who deem all Mayors faultless to go at large? Is that the limit of free speech, Mr. Attorney? It seems to me it is a very narrow limit. Selden said that Equity, as distinguished from Law, was as if you made the Chancellor's foot the measure of length; one Chancellor had a long foot, and another a short one. But it seems we are to be measured by the yardstick of a Mayor's ignorance, the contents of a Mayor's head; and some are as empty as the receivers of their own air-pumps. How shall I fitly describe the functionary of this Commonwealth who undertakes to say, that if he had heard me criticize him, he should have put me under arrest! And during the other part of the interview between the Mayor and Mr. Sargent, the discussion between them seems to have been upon the question whether, on the whole, he should stop that meeting or not. No pretence, throughout this interview, throughout the interview with Mr. Manley, throughout the interview with Mr. Heywood—no pretence whatever that he had any legal right—not even the decent hypocrisy of trying to find one; he confesses that he knows he has no legal right, but that he means to carry out his purposes, nevertheless. I stood in yonder Council Chamber that day, and heard the Executive of the Commonwealth split hairs on legal technicalities for two hours, searching anxiously round to find how little power he had. But the Mayor has no question of law, legal or illegal, it matters not to him. As the old French novelist says: "Despotism does bold things illegally—liberty does nothing at all, exactly according to law."

Now, gentlemen, make out the statement of facts. For three months, it has been publicly said that we should not hold an anti-slavery meeting. What is the reason why we should not hold one? What is the reason given? You will not doubt—I shall not go into the evidence—everybody knows that it has been said by the press, in the streets, "You cannot hold an *anti-slavery* meeting." What is the reason given? My friend here [Mr. Healy] alludes to one that was given in regard to the John Brown meeting: It was held in honor of a man who violated the law; "a convicted felon." Grant it. Of itself, standing alone, that matters little. The question is *of what* is a man convicted. Kossuth was a "convicted felon," in Austrian phrase. Did that make the shouts that swelled these arches less hearty? Russell, Algernon Sydney and Harry Vane were "convicted felons." Does Macaulay shrink from naming or praising them, on that account? Half the loved names in history were "convicted felons." Judea called our Saviour a "convicted felon."

The Fifth of March Massacre was according to law. The men who shot the martyrs of that day were all acquitted—showing that they had the law on their side. This Commonwealth, this city, celebrated their martyrdom for many, many years, and turned it at last into the Fourth of July. Would a mob have been right in interrupting Joseph Warren or John Hancock when they delivered orations in defence of the illegal rebels of the 5th of March, 1770? I trow not. But look at this. Mr. Fay has a right to say that John Brown was bloodthirsty, that he was a murderer: have I no right to say the contrary? Is "free discussion" so gagged in this country, that when the law has once condemned a man, none may afterward ever speak in his praise? May we never ask, was he rightly "convicted"? Who is to judge?

Again, the second claim is, that I and others are vituperative. Suppose we are—indict us! Have we a monopoly, a patent for vituperation? You heard Caleb Cushing in Faneuil Hall when, it struck me, he said everything that the Saxon language allowed him. He was not mobbed. Are political meetings all milk-and-water? It seems to me that Democrats vituperate the Republicans, and Republicans vituperate the Democrats. Nobody mobs them. But, gentlemen, look a moment at this idea of vituperation. Yesterday morning, the Boston *Post* had an article devoted to an attack on me: have I a right to mob it? Within the last twenty years, I think I should be right in saying, that the Boston press has exhausted the resources of the English language in describing the Abolitionists: have we ever mobbed them?—had we ever a right to mob them? What is this vituperation of anti-slavery meetings? Take up the newspapers. A newspaper lives on what? News of men—not always to their credit; criticisms on men—not always in their praise; criticisms on books, not always eulogistic. Three hundred and thirteen days in the year, the Boston *Post*, the Boston *Courier*, scorches every man it dislikes: nobody calls them vituperative; Mayor Wightman does not propose to mob them. He does not say that if *The Post* finds fault with him, he must have Mr. Green arrested. None but Abolitionists are to be arrested. That is, there is no truth in this charge of special vituperation.

We carry on our agitation exactly as all the rest of the world does. Our meetings are the exact counterpart of political meetings, and every other live meeting in the world—no difference. The only difficulty is, we are a minority; it is safe and it is popular to mob us. Most of us are temperance men, and the thirty-five hundred voters who gave him his office would rather like, on the whole, to have the Mayor put us down.

Nobody pretends that we violated the law; if anybody says it, I should like to hear it. Neither the Mayor, nor his witnesses, nor the City Attorney—nobody—has breathed the thought that we violated the law. We stood inside of it. A mob assailed us. Now, two things are to be shown by the Mayor to justify himself: either that he tried to prevent it, and could not (and that is a defence, a perfect defence, I admit it), or he is to take the other ground, that he did not want to prevent it. I am not going into that evidence, gentlemen; I should consider myself belittled to go into that evidence; the facts are too patent to need it. This everybody on the peninsula knows. That John Brown meeting could not be held. We hired that Tremont Temple for three sessions—morning, afternoon and evening. Mr. Fay used it as long as he pleased, and then went away. Mr. Howe used it as long as he pleased, and then went away. Why were we not permitted to use it afterwards? Who shut it against us? The Mayor of Boston. . . . . .

All the while, the press of the city has never uttered one fitting rebuke of this mob spirit. Here and there one press and another has spoken for the right, but, in general, the city journals have welcomed the mob rule; indulged in bitter and unsparing abuse and misrepresentation of the Abolitionists, throwing on them the blame of these outrages. Their columns have been full of the details of mob violence, reported not only without one word of reproof, but in the spirit of levity and encouragement. Meanwhile editorial articles discoursed of the danger of "unlicensed free speech," painted the beauty of "regulated free speech," and "judicious free speech," and "orderly public meetings," and "respect for the feelings of majorities," till we were reminded of the worst days of Napoleon the Third, and almost fancied ourselves in Paris instead of New England. It would have been in vain for us to ask opportunity for reply or defence in their columns. That justice has never been allowed us. Years ago *The Boston Daily Advertiser*, on two successive days, printed a long article, each day, in bitter criticism of me—drawn by one of the best pens in Boston—my name printed at the head of one or both articles, and sprinkled thickly through them, joined with epithets of contempt. I asked half as much space to reply. But I was informed by the Hon. N. Hale, the editor, that he should not "open his columns to the *discussion*"!! It was to the generous and magnanimous spirit of Hon. J. T. Buckingham, that I owed my opportunity of reaching the Boston public in defence.

Gentlemen, I contend that we have no protection for the right of speech in this city, except the Mayor choose to exert himself. Whenever he does choose, he is abundantly able. We do not need the military—the police is sufficient; they acknowledge themselves sufficient; the Mayor has proved them sufficient. We only want the law. That law we shall never have while you leave us with the voters of the city of Boston. This is not the only instance. There has not been an anti-slavery meeting protected in this city, for fifteen years. I never have attended one—never. I make a very grave charge—I know it. I mean exactly what I say. Let me illustrate my meaning. The H